

## KITTERY LETTER

### Newsy Items From Across The River

### HAPPENINGS IN OUR BUSY SISTER TOWN

### Various Personal And Social Para- graphs Of Interest

### GOSSIP OF A DAY COLLECTED BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

Kittery, July 14.  
Leroy H. Phillips of Kittery and  
Beulah M. Jareny of South Berwick  
were married on Thursday, July 5, in  
Portsmouth by Rev. V. E. Bragdon.  
The Kittery and United States  
marine corps baseball teams will  
meet on Kittery field this after-  
noon. The Marines, with a pitcher

from Fort Warren, Mass., are con-  
fident of victory, while Kittery with  
Godfrey in the box has no qualms.  
It is felt here that the recent defeats  
were more the result of circum-  
stances than the fault of Godfrey.

The New England Telephone and  
Telegraph Company evidently means  
business by the way in which it is  
rushing its new line through to Kit-  
tery Point. This afternoon, the holes  
are dug as far as the Point postoffice,  
while the pole erectors are follow-  
ing closely in the wake of the hole  
diggers. Kittery appreciates the  
fact that it is at last to have proper  
telephone service.

Miss Anna Remick of Methuen,  
Mass., has arrived to pass the Sum-  
mer at her cottage here.

Services at the Second Christian  
Church on Sunday will be as follows:  
Subject of sermon at the 10.30 a. m.  
service by Rev. Edward Hallett  
Macy is, "A Medicine for Diseased  
Souls"; Bible school and Baraca and  
Phuathua classes at 11.50; junior  
Christian Endeavor, with short ad-  
dress by the pastor, at four; senior  
Christian Endeavor at six; subject  
of evening service at seven, "With-  
ering the Fruitless Figtree." Every-  
one is heartily welcome.

Services at the Second Methodist  
Church on Sunday will be in their  
usual order. Epworth League meet-  
ing at six p. m., in charge of Miss  
Leonora Goodsoe, at which all are  
requested to be present.

The roads are now in excellent con-  
dition and Road Commissioners Wig-

gin and Emery deserve much praise.  
A regular meeting of Olive Branch  
Commandery, Order of the Golden  
Cross, was held on Friday evening  
with Mrs. Mark Fernald of New-  
march street.

The teachers of the Christian  
Church Sunday school will hold their  
regular meeting this evening at the  
home of the superintendent on Cen-  
tral street.

Harry Reynolds of Cambridge,  
Mass., is the guest of his aunt, Mrs.  
Charles Trafton of The Intervene.

Mrs. George Chamberlain of New-  
fields, N. H., is the guest of Mr.  
and Mrs. Stephen Hobbs of Kittery  
Depot.

The miniature Dismal Swamp be-  
tween Newmarch and Stimson  
streets is somewhat less offensive,  
but is still a great nuisance and an  
eyesore to people living near it.

#### Kittery Point

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Walsh of San  
Francisco, who are the guests of Mr.  
and Mrs. Arthur L. Hutchins, lost  
nearly all their effects in the earth-  
quake of April 18. For several  
nights they slept on the ground in  
the open air at a safe distance from  
the ruins, but were soon highly for-  
tunate in securing two umbrellas and  
constructing a tent of them.

Miss Margaret Lawton is the guest  
of relatives at Machias.

Miss Abbie Symonds of Portland is  
the guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. H.  
Sawyer.

Fred W. Rollins of Concord, N.

# BRIDAL MYSTERY

## OFFICERS INSTALLED

By The Ladies Of Ivy Temple, L. C.  
E., Last Evening

H., is in town to pass Sunday with  
his family at his cottage here.

Harold Getchell of South Berwick  
was the guest of Ralph Gunnison on  
Friday.

Miss Mary Randall, who has been  
suffering from the mumps, has re-  
covered.

Doris, the little daughter of Mr.  
and Mrs. Moses P. Randall, who  
has been dangerously ill with whoop-  
ing cough, is now thought to be out  
of danger.

Rev. F. J. Dark of Somerset,  
Mass., will occupy the pulpit of the  
Freewill Baptist Church on Sunday  
at half-past two o'clock.

Capt. and Mrs. T. Burton Hoyt  
left this morning for a short business  
trip to Boston.

There are now about twenty small  
boats moored in Pepperrell's Cove  
and as many more in Chauncey's  
Creek, an unusually large number.

Mrs. Joseph Currier of Chelsea,  
Mass., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs.  
Anthony F. Rose.

#### NEW HAMPSHIRE WON

Defeated Massachusetts in Girls'  
Professional Basketball Game

At York Beach on Friday evening,  
the girls' professional basketball  
team representing this state defeat-  
ed the team representing Massachu-  
setts by a score of six to two.

On the two teams are young ladies  
who are winning for themselves en-  
viable reputations as professional  
players. They are without doubt  
the fastest players of their sex ever  
congregated.

The same two teams will again  
contest this (Saturday) evening.  
John Lacasse of this city acted as  
referee.

#### POLICE COURT

John Twombly, one of Dover's  
crack sports, came here on Friday  
and after playing the part of the  
consumer he was just in trim to im-  
agine the whole Boston and Maine  
railroad belonged to him. About  
midnight he landed at the station  
and got into a mixup with the night  
watchman. He was going to initiate  
the whole bunch on duty there, but  
Special Officer McIntosh came along  
and told him to cut it out. Twombly  
vaunted fight and went at the special  
officer, but just as they were warn-  
ing up a little, Officer Seymour ap-  
peared and Twombly went down the  
line. Today (Saturday) in police  
court, he paid a fine of \$10 and costs  
of \$6.13.

George Caswell, who was picked  
up in an intoxicated condition in a  
boat on the river, pleaded guilty and  
settled for \$3.00 and costs of \$6.90.

John Donnell, who claimed a home  
in Salem, Mass., was right there  
with the tale of woe. He wanted to  
go back to the Witch City and par-  
take of nothing stronger than Wen-  
ham Lake water for a year. The  
court suspended a sentence of sixty  
days at the farm and costs of \$6.90  
and let him go.

The case of Francesco Letterio,  
which was continued from last week,  
was heard today (Saturday). He  
was found guilty of keeping his place  
at the North End open on Sunday  
for the reception of company. A  
sentence was suspended and the re-  
spondent ordered to pay costs of  
\$6.64 and to keep his place closed on  
the Sabbath.

#### OBSEQUIES

The funeral of William B. Grogan  
was held at two o'clock this (Sat-  
urday) afternoon from his late home in  
Kittery. Rev. Edward H. Macy of-  
ficiating. There were delegations  
from DeWitt Clinton Commandery,  
Knights Templar, and Osgood Lodge  
of Odd Fellows. Interment was in  
Harmony Grove cemetery in this city,  
under the direction of Undertaker  
O. W. Ham.

#### THE WEATHER FOR TOMORROW

(Special to The Herald)  
Washington, July 14—Showers are  
indicated for Sunday, with light  
variable winds, mostly south.

## Queer Ceremony Performed Here

## Mrs. Leslie Carter Becomes A Bride

## Famous Actress Marries Young New Yorker

ONE OF THE MOST MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGES EVER CELE-  
BRATED IN THIS CITY WAS QUIETLY PERFORMED SHORTLY  
AFTER HALF-PAST ELEVEN ON FRIDAY FORENOON BY REV. HENRY  
EMERSON HOVEY, PASTOR OF ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.  
ACCORDING TO ALL THE EVIDENCE AT HAND, THE BRIDE WAS  
MRS. LESLIE CARTER, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN ACTRESS. THE  
GROOM WAS WILLIAM L. PAYNE OF NEW YORK, WHO CALLS  
HIMSELF A STUDENT.

THE LADY WAS MARRIED UNDER THE NAME OF CAROLINE  
L. DUDLEY AND GAVE HER AGE AS THIRTY. SHE TOLD THE  
CLERGYMAN THAT SHE HAD NEVER BEEN MARRIED BEFORE.

#### Mr. Hovey Doesn't Know

In this statement, Mrs. Carter  
misrepresented the facts of the case,  
as the actress has certainly previous-  
ly been married. Had the fact of a  
divorce been known to Mr. Hovey,  
he would not have married the  
couple, as marriages of divorcees are  
forbidden by the Episcopal Church.

Seen by a reporter for The Herald  
this (Saturday) morning, Mr. Hovey  
said:  
"I do not know whether I married  
Mrs. Leslie Carter on Friday or not.  
I married no one under that name,  
certainly. A man and woman came  
to the rectory late in the forenoon  
and gave their names as William L.  
Payne and Caroline L. Dudley. They  
wished to be married and as they  
had a license I performed the cere-  
mony. The woman was veiled, but  
she appeared to me to be young. She  
told me that she had never before  
been married and the young man  
made the same statement regarding  
himself. I know only the reputed  
facts given in the license. The wo-  
man may have been Mrs. Carter or  
young Payne's mother was Frances  
she may not. That is all that I can  
tell you."

The license for Mr. Payne and

The Rockingham and Manager  
Knapp was informed that instruc-  
tions for forwarding them would be  
sent later.

#### The License

Mr. Payne called at the city  
clerk's office on Wednesday alone.  
He was again a visitor on Friday  
and added some information which  
he had not been able to supply on  
Wednesday. The lady was not seen  
at City Hall.

The license was made out for Wil-  
liam L. Payne, student, and Caroline  
L. Dudley, both of New York, the  
former aged thirty-three and the lat-  
ter thirty. In both cases, it was  
stated that the contemplated mar-  
riage was the first.

Payne's birthplace was given as  
Elmira, N. Y., and his father's name  
as Alfred T. Payne. The occupation  
of the father was stated to be that  
of a painter, his age fifty-eight and  
his present residence New York  
City. The elder Payne was born in  
England. The maiden name of  
young Payne's mother was Frances  
Payne and her birthplace was Rol-  
lins, Pa. She is fifty-one years old.

"Miss Dudley's" father was Austin

The marriage in Portsmouth of Mrs. Leslie  
Carter has been absolutely confirmed. David  
Belasco definitely announced it today after a con-  
ference with the actress over the telephone.

#### "Miss Dudley" was made out on

Wednesday by City Clerk William  
H. Moran. It was early in the  
morning of that day that Mrs. Car-  
ter and her automobile party arrived  
at The Rockingham. The party left  
this city on Thursday, ostensibly for  
Bar Harbor, but returned unexpectedly  
between twelve and one o'clock Fri-  
day morning.

#### Invited to Board Battleship

About half-past eleven, Mrs. Car-  
ter and Mr. Payne left The Rock-  
ingham, saying that they had been  
invited to go on board a battleship.  
This, of course, was not true, as  
there was no battleship in Ports-  
mouth Harbor.

The lady and gentleman returned  
to the hotel soon after noon and the  
entire party left the hotel about one  
giving their destination as Winthrop,  
Mass. Some articles were left at

#### Mrs. Carter's Career

Mrs. Carter was born on a planta-  
tion only a short distance from Lex-  
ington, Ky. Her father was of Eng-  
lish parentage and her mother was a  
member of a prominent Kentucky  
family.

When she was sixteen, her father  
died and her mother was soon after-  
ward stricken with what was be-  
lieved to be a fatal illness. In this  
crisis of her career, the young girl

(Continued on fifth page)

## Geo. B. French Co

OUR GREATLY ENLARGED AND MAGNIFICENTLY FURNISHED DEPARTMENT DEVOTED TO

## CHINA AND GLASS WARE

ENABLES US TO SHOW THE FINEST VARIETY OF THIS CLASS OF GOODS IN PORTSMOUTH.

In the selection of this stock the utmost good taste prevails, and  
the Novelties and Standard Goods will be found at all times.

### SPECIAL SUMMER BARGAIN.

ONE CRATE OF FINE GERMAN CHINA, decorated with Apple Blossoms and Gold, at  
about ONE-THIRD OFF THE REGULAR PRICE.

CAKE SETS—Consisting of 6 Bread and Butter Plates and 1 Cake Plate, worth \$1.00, for.....75c Per Set	BREAD AND MILK SETS— Plate, Bowl and Cream Pitch- er, worth 50c, for.....35c	TEA SETS—With Sugar Bowl, Cream Pitcher and Tea Pot, worth 65c, for.....39c
SALAD SETS—6 Salad Plates and Salad Dish, worth \$1.00, for.....75c	CHOCOLATE SETS—6 Cups and Saucers and Large Choc- olate Pot, worth \$1.25, for.....89c	TEA AND COFFEE CUPS. CELERY TRAYS—These at only.....10c

JAPANESE CHINA—Special offer of 50 Dozen Assorted Novelties, such as Plates,  
Cups and Saucers, Trinket Boxes, Trays, Sugars, Creamers, Tooth Brush Holders,  
Vases, worth from 15c to 25c each, your choice at only.....10c

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN CUT GLASS—One lot of Six Inch Bon Bon Dishes  
with Handle, deep cut designs, strictly new, worth \$1.75, special price.....\$1.25

CANDLE STICKS—These are 8 inches high, in six designs, regular selling value  
\$1.00 each, special price.....50c

### MANY SPECIALTIES UNDER PRICE.

SALTS AND PEPPERS— These of Glass with Celluloid Tops, proof against rust and will not corrode, worth 10c, for.....5c	PORTSMOUTH SOUVENIRS —In China with Cobalt Blue and Gold, have Historical Views, 25 different styles.....25c	GLASS VASES—Tall, Handsomely Fluted, for Flowers, 12 inch size, only.....10c
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### NOTICE OUR TEN CENT TABLE

OF CHINA AND GLASS—In variety and big values ahead of anything in the city—  
Don't miss seeing it—Articles that are worth 15c to 25c each, take your choice.....10c

HAMMOCKS—The largest line in the city— Palmer Hammocks at.....69c, 98c, \$1.25 to \$5.00 Other Makes, every Hammock of handsome colorings.....98c, \$1.39, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 HAMMOCK ROPES with Anchor.....25c Per Pair	WHITE MOUNTAIN ICE CREAM FREEZ- ERS, beyond question the best—All sizes. PORCH SHADES—These in varied kinds and sizes at a very low cost. HAMMOCK CHAIRS—For the little ones— Call for the Vudor, cost.....\$2.50
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Visit Our New Basement For The Best Stock Of Kitchen Furnishings.

## DREYFUS CASE

## Causes Wild Scenes In French Parliament

## DEPUTIES INDULGE IN FIST FIGHT

## The Sto. my Session Finally Has To Be Suspended

## PRESIDENT PRISON FINALLY ORDERED CHAMBER TO BE CLEARED

Paris, July 13.—This was the closing day of parliament and it was largely devoted to the rehabilitation of Alfred Dreyfus, so that the national holiday tomorrow may witness his return to the army and the effacement of the stain on his good name.

The chamber of deputies met at nine in the morning for the purpose of hastening the parliamentary procedure, and War Minister Etienne immediately presented two government bills, one raising Captain Dreyfus to the rank of major of artillery, and the other promoting Captain Picquart to that of brigadier general. M. Etienne asked for speedy action, adding that it was the government's intention to decorate Dreyfus with the cross of the Legion of Honor. This announcement brought out a storm of applause.

The bills were referred to the army committee, which at once went into session, approved them and drafted strong, favorable reports, which will be debated later. It is said that both bills will become laws before the close of the day.

Later amid great excitement, the chamber considered the bill reinstating Dreyfus and passed it by a vote of 473 to forty-two.

M. Messimy, Radical socialist, read the report amid applause.

There were two violent incidents as the voting began. M. Durie shouted a taunt, directed at the Socialists, whereupon M. Lascies, anti-Semite, rushed at his colleague and attempted to strike him.

A tumultuous demonstration greeted the announcement of the vote.

President Brisson, on announcing the vote said:

"It is with pride, that I register this vote consecrating the triumph of virtue."

A scene of similar disorder marked the readings of the report reinstating Colonel Picquart. The report severely arraigned the officers who were responsible for his condemnation, characterizing the acts as wicked and villainous. M. Denys Cochin, conservative, protested against the violent language used in the report, whereupon there were tumultuous demands that General Mercier be prosecuted.

The restoration of Colonel Picquart was passed by 477 to twenty-seven votes.

A knockdown fight occurred in the center chamber as M. Prosenz, Socialist, demanded that the government prosecute the guilty officers. M. Pugliesi-Conti, Republican, shouted, "The government officers are scoundrels."

M. Sarraut, Radical-Socialist, then sprung forward and struck M. Pugliesi-Conti a stunning blow in the face.

A scene of tremendous confusion followed during which the aisles were invaded by struggling deputies. President Brisson then suspended the session, and ordered the chamber to be cleared, which measurably subdued the tumult.

## BLOWN UP BY DYNAMITE

## Illinois Laborers Killed By Robbers Friday

Chicago, July 13.—Three men were blown to pieces, three others fatally injured, and several others badly hurt by an explosion which early today wrecked a shanty in the McLaughlin stone quarries at Bellwood, a short distance northwest of Chicago.

The dynamite shed of the quarry which is at a considerable distance from the shanty which was blown up, was broken open and the dynamite carried to the building in which a number of laborers were sleeping and exploded beneath the structure.

The survivors all declare that there was no dynamite around their shanty when they retired for the night.

## IS THIS WHAT AILS YOU?

If the Symptoms Fit Your Case, Remember "A Disease Once Known is Half Cured."

Feel feverish? Have headache? Backache? In fact, "ache" all over? Have occasional chilly sensations? Appetite gone? Tongues furred? Bad taste, especially in morning? Indigestion? Flatulence? Perhaps nausea, or sickness at stomach occasionally? Sick weak, tired, blue and discouraged?

The above are symptoms common to many of the most prevalent and often precocious attacks of fever and malarious affections, grip, bronchitis, and "lung fever," or pneumonia.

Whichever ailment they point to, you may suffer from its source and get rid of them as soon as possible by putting your system to rights, regulating, toning up and invigorating stomach, liver and bowels, and thus purifying your blood and again enabling it to throw off the attack.

For the above purpose, medical science has yet produced no better agent than Dr. J. F. True's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a secret, or patent medicine, all things being considered, the best in the world.

It is the prescription of a well-known and experienced physician. It contains no alcohol or other harmful, habit-forming agents—chemically pure, triple-refined, and of the highest quality. It is a solvent and preservative of the medicinal extracts of which it is composed. It is made from the following native, American medicinal roots: Golden Seal root, Quinine root, Sassafras root, Bloodroot, Mandarake root and Black Cherry bark. The medicinal properties of these are extracted by exact and peculiar processes with the use of chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine, of proper strength, and by means of special apparatus devised for this special purpose, and in such a way as to produce a most perfect pharmaceutical compound.

As to the superior curative properties of some of the above ingredients, we can only give room here for a very few of the briefest extracts from standard medical works, but more complete information will be sent you, free of charge, in pamphlet form, if you will send your address, plainly written on postal card, to our letter, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., with a request for the same.

Of Golden Seal root Prof. Bartholow, of Jefferson Medical College, says: "Very useful as a stomachic tonic (stomach tonic) and in atonic stomach dyspepsia. Cures gastric catarrh (catarrh of stomach) and headaches accompanying the same." \* \* \* Chronic catarrh of the intestines, even if it has proceeded to the extent of a permanently benefited Hydrastis (Golden Seal). \* \* \* It may be given as a remedy for intermittent, chronic and malarial poisoning, and enlarged spleen of malarial origin."

From "Organic Medicine" by Grover C. Cox, M. D., of New York, we extract the following: "Hydrastis (Golden Seal) exerts an especial influence over mucous surfaces. Upon the liver it acts with equal certainty and efficacy. As a cholagogue (liver invigorator), it has few equals. In affections of the spleen, and abdominal viscera generally, it is an efficient and reliable remedy. Also in scrofula, glandular diseases generally, catarrhs, eruptions, indigestion, debility, diarrhoea and dysentery, constipation, piles and all morbid and critical discharges."

Dr. Cox further says: "Hydrastis (Golden Seal) is also of inestimable value in the treatment of chronic derangements of the liver. It seems to exercise an especial influence over the hepatic (liver) structure generally, resolving (dissolving) biliary deposits, removing obstructions, removing secretions, and giving tone to the various functions. It is eminently cholagogue (liver invigorator), and may be relied upon for the relief of hepatic (liver) torpor."

The motive of the crime was undoubtedly robbery. Several of the victims were known to have had considerable money. Louis Pappillo was said to have carried \$1,000 in a belt. Pappillo and his brother were killed and when the bodies were found, both had been completely stripped of clothing. This was not the case with any other man who was in the shanty at the time of the explosion.

## TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS

Worcester, Mass., July 12.—Thomas Cantwell, of Williams, 10 years old, was fatally injured near the Gratton street crossing of the Boston and Albany railroad today by being struck by a scorching engine. Both legs and his left arm were cut off and he received a fracture of the skull.

Boston, July 12.—The New England delegation to the annual convention of the Grand Lodge in 1911, comprising about 270 members, left Boston today for Denver, where the sessions will be held. The party traveled in a special train.

Boston, July 12.—Attorney General Moody will transfer his headquarters from Washington to Boston, and will be in Boston for the remainder of the summer, according to an announcement made here today. He was expected here today but was detained in New York in consultation with district attorneys in connection with the department's investigation of the oil combine. While in this city the attorney general will make his headquarters at the office of his private law firm, Moody, Burdett, Wadwell and Snow, 84 State street.

St. John, N. B., July 12.—It was learned today that during the severe critical storm which swept over this section of the province last night Ludlow Naz, 29 years old, was struck by lightning and killed at Weisford, 20 miles from St. John. Naz, who was a widower and whose home was in Nerepis, was in a hall watching a dance, when a bolt of lightning ran down the chimney on the building, put out all the lights, and killed Naz. Several of the dancers were stunned.

Hamburg, July 12.—The Eneham burger Zeitung today says that two foreign steamers, which were being towed by Memela, Prussia, were detained by the German coast guard.

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Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., of Cincinnati, says of Golden Seal: "It stimulates the digestive processes and increases the assimilation of food. By these means the blood is enriched." \* \* \* "In relation to its general effects on the system, there is no medicine in use about which there is such general unanimity of opinion. It is unobtrusively regarded as the tonic useful in all debilitated states."

As to Stone root, the AMERICAN DISPENSARY says: "In diseases of stomach and intestines—improves appetite, promotes flow of gastric juices, tonics effect upon organs involved. A good remedy in indigestion, dyspepsia, chronic gastritis, increasing the secretion from kidneys and skin."

Prof. Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Medical College, Chicago, says of Stone root: "In catarrhal gastritis (inflammation of stomach) where the circulation is defective, it either alone or combined with hydnastis is of first importance. They increase the gastric and greatly improve the digestion and assimilation of food." \* \* \* "Is a heart tonic of direct and permanent influence. Excellent in the bicycle fever, in rheumatism, inflammation and clergyman's sore throat."

All the other ingredients entering into the composition of "Golden Medical Discovery" are equally praised for their curative effects on the stomach, liver and bowel affections and five of them for bronchial, throat and lung affections attended with severe cough, expectoration and kindred symptoms.

But you had best read for yourself the "Golden Medical Discovery" written in plain, easy-to-understand English, and every ingredient of this marvelous efficacious medicine by leading medical practitioners and writers. This you can do by writing for the booklet mentioned in the preceding column. No other medicine for like purposes has any such professional endorsement as "Golden Medical Discovery," which should have more weight than all the ordinary testimonials so lavishly flaunted before the public by those who would not publish their formulae that the search light of investigation may be turned upon them. It is well to know what one takes into the stomach whether in the form of food or drink or medicine.

From the same little book of extracts mentioned above it will readily be seen why Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription works such marvelous cures in those chronic and distressing diseases peculiar to women. In all cases of pelvic complaint with weakening drains, bearing or "dragging-down" pains or distress, and in all monthly or periodical derangements and irregularities, the "Favorite Prescription" will be found to be made of just the right ingredients to meet and cure the trouble.

Your druggist sells the "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION" and also the "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY." Write to Dr. Pierce about your case. He is an expert physician and will direct your case as confidential and without charge for correspondence. Address him as directed in preceding column.

It is as easy to be well as ill—and much more comfortable. Constipation is the cause of many forms of illness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, two make a cathartic. All dealers in medicines sell them.

Dr. Pierce's 1000-page illustrated book, "The Common Sense Medical Adviser," is sent free in paper covers on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing only. For 11 stamps the cloth-bound volume will be sent. It was formerly sold for \$1.50 per copy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

and searched by Russian cruisers and that 8,000 cartridges, and a quantity of dynamite were found on board the steamers.

Chicago, July 12.—The engine, express car and combination car of Monon passenger train No. 36, from Cincinnati, were derailed today, south of Hammond, Ind. The engine jumped the track between Fair Oaks and Rockaway and ran into a ditch. The express car turned completely over. The combination car, though leaving the track did not upset. A passenger coach and two sleepers, which constituted the remainder of the train remained on the rails. It was given out that six passengers were injured.

San Francisco, July 12.—Courtesies having passed the railway rate bill with its sweeping feature prohibiting the issuance of railroad passes, President Hartman, of the Southern Pacific, has sent out orders here to recall the annual interstate passes which the San Francisco officials of the road sent out at the beginning of the year. This cancellation order will not go into effect until the end of this year, because the law in question does not. The congressional law has nothing to do with the company's annual passes within the limits of this state.

## Isles of Shoals STEAMER

Time Table - - Season of 1906  
Commencing June 27, 1906  
Subject to change without further notice

## PORTSMOUTH and ISLES OF SHOALS HOTELS APPLEDORE and CANIC

## Steamer May Archer

A finely equipped new boat

Leaves Portsmouth, what foot of Bee Street, for Isles of Shoals, at 10.30 a.m. and 5.00 p.m. Sundays, at 10.30 a.m. and 5.00 p.m.

## RETURNING

Leaves Apple-dore and Oceanside Hotels - Isles of Shoals, for Portsmouth, at 6.00 a.m. and 1.30 p.m. and 3.25 p.m. Sundays, at 6.00 a.m. and 3.25 p.m.

## Fare for Round Trip 50cts.

(Good on day of issue only.)

FARE ONE WAY 50 Cts.

## Her Secluded Life

On the front wall of the Crisscross apartment building the tiny balconies are stuck like burs, one to each flat. The balcony just over the entrance is occupied by a stout woman in purple who sits in a creaky rocking chair, and her caller, a meek and nonassertive person in sallow green. The woman in purple is speaking.

"The only objection to living in an apartment house is that there are certain to be some disagreeable people there and of course you can't always avoid them. I told my husband when we moved in that I should make it a point to keep to myself and not let anybody get a chance to pry into my affairs. Some women are so curious! I suppose the poor things have nothing to do but attend to other people's business and I shouldn't judge them harshly."

"As for myself, I simply detest anything like gossip and talebearing. Of course, I believe in taking a human interest in one's fellow creatures and lending a helping hand and all that, but I go no farther."

"Now, if I was like that Mrs. Adams on the next floor I'd just go crazy considering myself! That woman actually had the nerve to send down and say that my little boy should not be allowed to play his graphophone so early in the morning! She said it kept them from sleeping. I'd like to know what she supposes the poor child is going to do to amuse himself when he wakes up at 5:30. We have to get up early, so we don't mind it ourselves—and anyhow, I think it is a lovely way to begin the day—sort of inspiring, you know, to hear good music. I just sent back word that the graphophone had cost a lot of money and she ought to consider herself lucky to have the chance to hear it!"

"That woman below us said, when I told her about it, that the music didn't bother her at all and that Johnnie was a dear little fellow. But, do you know, I can't help being suspicious of a woman who so openly tries to please you and get friendly with you. There is such a thing as going too far. And this Mrs. Johnson is always so dreadfully sniffling and sweet. Yet in all the months I've been here I've never seen her husband. It looks odd to me. She wears the loveliest clothes."

"I wouldn't say anything against her for the world, but when a person is so secretive about herself you can't help wondering. And she never even objected when I watered the back window box and it dripped water all over her hammock and pillows below. It looks to me as though she was afraid to call attention to herself."

"Oh, look, quick! There goes that girl I was mentioning. You'd know to look at her that she doesn't do a thing but primp and dress. I call it scandalous to waste all one's time trying to look pretty. I'm sure I never was guilty of it and I think I've got along as well as the next one. Did you ever see such wavy hair in your life?"

"She lives upstairs with her married brother and walks through the halls as though she owned the building. I spoke to her pleasantly one morning and thought I'd let her see that I took a friendly interest in her. Besides, I wanted to know the name of the dark young man who takes her out so often, but that saucy creature just looked me over in the coolest way and barely nodded. You'd have thought she didn't care to know me."

"I'm sure in my day any girl who had such a number of admirers as she has would have been thought unladylike at the least. These giddy girls will always hear watching and you can better believe that I'm keeping my eye on her. I think it no more than my duty, for her brother and his wife don't seem to mind her goings-on in the least."

"Here comes Mrs. Grant and her baby. If she ever raises that child it will be a wonder, for she has the most ridiculous notions. I've told her time and time again that the only food to bring up a baby on was Riksen's and she goes right on feeding that suffering child Wisken's because she says he likes it and is getting fat on it. As though a five-months-old baby knew what was best for it! And, as I told her, fat is almost always unhealthy. But she didn't seem worried. I don't believe the really cares much for the child, for she is one of these independent, assertive creatures."

"She never gets nervous for fear the baby may die sometimes as I used to do when I had my first baby. And I'm sure no one could be a better mother than I've been. She just gets out a thermometer and takes its temperature and then says nothing is the matter with it and lets it cry. I call such conduct scandalous! No, the baby looks red and healthy, but you can't tell."

"There goes that man on the fourth floor to work. He never leaves the house till noon and I don't see what business he can be in that is respectable. He must be a gambler or something like that. I'm sure of it, because his wife has so many diamonds. I think it vulgar to wear so many rings."

"Must you go? I'm sorry, for in half an hour it's more than likely that handsome man will be here. He comes nearly every day at this hour and I can't find out who he is he calls on. I'm sure he doesn't live here and it looks—"

"Ye-es, I never thought of that. He may be a doctor, but I doubt it."

"Do come again. I am so shut up by myself here that I get lonely for something to occupy my mind."—Chicago Daily News.

## A Female Reformer

She Was Mistaken for a Villain

Not since the day Mrs. Slocum's Jim swallowed a marble and the ambulance surgeon had to rescue it with a stomach pump have they had such a time in Sixty-sixth street as they had Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Gaskins' Billy was the hero. A woman belonging to some reform society was the heavy villain. The reformer had spent most of the forenoon listening to a lecture on "Duty to Our Fellow Men." In the afternoon she went to Sixty-sixth street to see what good she could do. The first person she found to exercise her usefulness upon was Billy Gaskins.

Billy was clearly in need of assistance. He sat on the front steps of a five-story tenement howling for all he was worth. His face was a solid smear of dirt, upon which tiny rivulets had been traced by the steadily flowing tears.

"O, you poor little darling," she said. "Are you sick?"

"Wow! Wow! Wow!" roared Billy. To anybody else that reply would have been unintelligible, but the reformer understood it perfectly.

"Why, you're not sick at all!" she cried. "You're lost; that what ails you. Come, let's go and find mamma." This time Billy emphasized his howls with kicks and punches, but not even that demonstration swerved the reformer from her benevolent purpose. Heavy as he was, she gathered Billy up and started down the street. At every step his struggles became more violent. In the tussle the reformer's hat went awry, her skirts got twisted and her box trailed off her shoulders, but she forged valiantly ahead, surrounded by an ever-increasing swarm of hooting, pestiferous children. At the corner the crowd was augmented by a policeman.

"Hi, there," he said, "what you doin' with that kid?"

"He's lost," replied the reformer. "I'm to find."

"No, he ain't lost," piped a thin voice beside her. "De lady swiped 'im. I seen 'er. Here comes 'is ma, now."

"His mother!" said the reformer. "Thank heaven—"

She turned and plumped into the sudsy arms of a barbed woman in a blue calico gown, who reinforced by half the adult population of Sixty-sixth street, came pelting along in pursuit of Billy Gaskins. At the sight of the bare-headed woman Billy ceased howling and lunged forward rapturously.

"Mam-m-m!" he gurgled.

The woman gurgled, too. "Muzzer's sweetest little pet," she said. "Did ze nassy ooman steal muzzer's darling right off his own dooz-top? Was she wicked ooman, and shall mamma smash 'er face for her?"

Billy Gaskins was too deeply engrossed in his own troubles just then to give advice on that momentous question, but his mother made up her mind to do it anyhow. With a skill born of much physical exercise she balanced Billy on one arm, while with the other soapy fist she grazed the tip of the reformer's nose. This reformer squeaked and jumped behind the policeman for protection.

"Say," said the officer to Mrs. Gaskins, "no more of that. I'll tend to her. Now, you," he added, turning to the reformer, "come along with me."

"Where to?" asked the reformer.

"To the police station. You've been caught tryin' to run away with another woman's kid, and it's up to you to square yourself."

The reformer wept and pleaded. The policeman, however, was obdurate. Flanked on one side by the officer, on the other by Mrs. Gaskins and Billy, and followed by such of the population of Sixty-sixth street as were not confined indoors by extreme youth, old age, or other insurmountable infirmity, the reformer headed for the station. There the policeman preferred his charge of kidnapping, in which he was volubly seconded by Mrs. Gaskins.

"This looks bad," said the sergeant to the prisoner. "What did you want with this woman's child?"

"Want with him?" screamed the reformer. "Good heavens, I didn't want him. I wouldn't have him as a precious gift. He was crying fit to split his lungs. I thought he was lost. I was only trying to help. But it's hard work to help some people. I'm not going to try it any more. I'm going home and mind my own business."

The sergeant leaned across the desk and nodded encouragingly.

"Say," he said, "do you really mean it? If you do I'll let you go. I'll let any woman go that'll promise to 'tend to her own business.'"

At any other time the reformer would have resented this insult, but her spirit was so broken by her experiences with the mob that she actually said: "Thank you; I promise," and then hurried out before Mrs. Gaskins could say half the mean things she had in her mind to say.—N. Y. Press.

## Bade Them a Kindly Adieu.

The president of Stevens Institute bade his graduating class, farewell with these words: "I sincerely hope that none of you will have the bad luck to secure an easy berth." Possibly some of the boys were not altogether pleased with the wish, but when they are as old as the president is and look back to see what they have accomplished by hard work, they will agree that he was kind and thoughtful.

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Wilson . . . . . 1.25	Drum.

Read The Herald And Keep Posted

## The Country Cousin.

By Mildred Height.

"If you expect me to go to the station and meet this Daisy Broadcase, whom I have never seen, you are very much mistaken, Mabel."

So spoke Victor Gordon to his only sister, Mrs. Lawrence. They were both standing near the fireplace in the latter's drawing room where everything indicated wealth and happiness. In appearance they resembled one another closely, both having dark hair and eyes, and olive complexions, but Mrs. Lawrence was the older. She was about 30 and Victor was three years younger. Just then Victor's pleasant face wore a scowl as he flatly refused to go to the station.

"But Vic, dear, you must go," his sister answered. "She is only coming for a fortnight visit and I would like to have her enjoy it. She is a country girl and will probably be crude, but I rely upon you to help me; besides she is a second cousin of ours."

"Well," said Victor, "if you expect me to play the gallant to a mere country girl, you are again at fault. Great Scott! Where did you say she was from? Some unheard-of place. She is probably an overgrown girl, with red hands, red face, and perhaps red hair. In fact, all that her very name implies. Broadcase! What a name. By the by, how do you expect me to know her? I never saw her before."

"Oh, that is easy enough. She will be looking out for you, as I told her my brother would meet her, and described you to her. If you see a young girl looking around with a sort of nervous look you will be safe in thinking it is her."

"Well, I suppose I'll have to," he grumbled.

"There's a good boy. Now do hurry and go or you will be late."

Two hours later Victor was walking around the station with a bored look on his face. At last the train came puffing in, and with a resigned air he walked down towards the train. Finally he saw alight a tall young lady with a haughty but unmistakably nervous air. "That's her," he said to himself, and bracing himself up, he walked over and inquired politely if she was Miss Broadcase.

With a cool stare the young lady said haughtily, "No, sir!"

If a star had just then alighted at his very feet he would not have been more astonished. Calling his cousin by no pretty names he walked off in high dudgeon. Suddenly some one gently touched his arm, and looking down Victor looked into one of the prettiest faces he had ever seen.

It was a young girl of 19, very simply but stylishly dressed. Her sweet lips were wreathed in a smile, and a mischievous expression lurked in her dark eyes, for she had seen this little scene and knew instantly who the young man was.

"Well," said a sweet voice, "when you are through staring at me, will you please tell me if you are looking for Miss Broadcase?"

He at last found his voice and stammered out "Yes."

Actually stammered, he, Victor Gordon, who was always at ease.

"So," thought he, "this is the country cousin, with red hands, red face and perhaps red hair." He inwardly prayed that she would never know what he had said.

It is a month later. Again the scene was in the Lawrence drawing room, but this time Daisy and not Victor was with Mrs. Lawrence. They were both in evening dress, as Mrs. Lawrence was having a reception to-night in honor of her cousin. To say that she had been surprised when she first beheld Daisy would be putting it weakly. Meanwhile Victor and Daisy had become great friends, and all their friends were expecting to hear wedding bells soon. Daisy was looking beautiful in a dress of pure white, with a single white rose in her curly hair.

She was fastening on her last glove when Mrs. Lawrence said: "You should have heard the fuss Victor made the day he went to meet you. How did he picture you? Red hands, red face, and perhaps red hair, besides being overgrown," and Mrs. Lawrence laughed heartily as she recalled the picture.

Just at that moment and in time to catch the last statement Victor entered the room and turned pale when he heard Daisy reply coldly, "It makes little difference to me what Victor thinks."

Mrs. Lawrence saw that she had made a mistake, for she had thought that Daisy would have laughed with her. She went softly out of the room. No sooner did she go than Daisy, without so much as glancing at Victor, slowly walked to the door, but she was stopped before she reached it.

"It is no use my asking for forgiveness. I did not act like a gentleman, but I hope," and his voice trembled, "that this will not cause a misunderstanding between us. I love you and I thought you loved me, and, Daisy, don't let a little thing like that interfere."

Receiving no answer, he said quietly, "Very well, if my presence is hateful to you, I will go."

It was now his turn to walk to the door, and he in turn was stopped by a voice saying mockingly, "I don't see why you are vexed. Here you have been calling me all sorts of horrid things, and now you are angry and threaten to leave me."

"Daisy! You are not angry with me and you do not hate me?"

"Of course I don't, you foolish boy, and next time do not be too hasty."—Boston Post.

## JAPANESE JINRIKISHAS.

Becoming Popular in China As a Means of Travel.

The Japanese jinrikishas were established in Shanghai as public vehicles several years ago, and their introduction in various other parts in China is being pushed with characteristic Japanese energy. The wholesale price for these vehicles laid down in Shanghai is approximately \$38 Mexican, or about \$19 in American money. These machines are of three grades, and their retail prices here are \$48, \$51 and \$52 Mexican. The Japanese jinrikisha manufacturers have already established agencies in Shanghai and are carrying on their campaign of trade aggression with an energy which already presupposes gratifying returns.

These machines are constructed entirely of wood, with the exception of the springs, axles, and the few neces-



Japanese Jinrikisha.

sary metal trimmings on the body, in the hood, and the iron tire. The Japanese vehicle commands a considerably higher rental from the coolies, who pay a certain amount daily to the companies or jinrikisha masters operating them. This is due to its attractive and showy appearance, which is naturally more inviting to the public, thus increasing the daily receipts of the jinrikisha coolies.

Expressions are not infrequently heard in Central and Northern China that the Japanese article is built to sell because of its attractive appearance, lightness of construction and other desirable qualities, but that strength and durability have no part in its make-up. In Shanghai alone there are now approximately 250 Japanese-made vehicles, and although they have been in use but a comparatively short time, complaints are increasing weekly of the necessity for constant repair. The lacquer work on the Japanese machines is beautiful in appearance and showy when it is first landed at its destination in China, but experience has proved that it is not at all desirable for public use. Exposed constantly to the weather the lacquer will flake off, and this cannot be replaced in China, for there are no lacquer workers there.

There is only one way to successfully repair such a condition, and that is to place in the depression in the surface caused by the chipping off of the lacquer a cement, the basis of which is an ash formed from the burning of joss paper. Over this is then spread a thin layer of paint, but no other part of the body of the vehicle is touched, for the reason that paint in China will not adhere to lacquer.

Contractors who have been handling the Japanese jinrikisha declare that it is frequently necessary to strip off all the lacquer and then repaint the wood of the entire body and shafts. Such repairs are expensive, and fall on the men who buy the machines and not on the coolies who operate them; hence it is essential to give the former an article that will not require a constant outlay in repairs. Into this proposition the American manufacturer should institute careful inquiries.

The necessity for the neat appearance of jinrikishas in Shanghai is indicated by the fact that they are under the supervision of the municipality and that a quarterly inspection is regularly made. By this it is not to be assumed that the vehicles are permitted to run the whole three months without being subjected to an examination. If found unclean, unsanitary, or not in accordance with the regulations, the jinrikisha coolie is subjected to a suitable punishment. A Japanese jinrikisha with its lacquer badly damaged will not be permitted on the streets of Shanghai any more than one with a wheel containing a loosened spoke or a Chinese vehicle with a broken hood or a body that has parted company with its paint. Under present conditions the jinrikishas yielded a serviceable revenue to the government, for fully 7,500 jinrikishas are licensed every month.

### Upheavals of Other Times.

The disaster at San Francisco was different from the so-called "earthquake" which once overwhelmed Charleston, S. C., for example. The Charleston disaster was merely a subsidence of the earth, due to a great cave beneath—and curiously enough the same wires which brought the story of San Francisco's disaster brought also news of the discovery of the Charleston cave. But the generally accepted theory of the ordinary earthquake now is that it is due to no general upheaval of the earth's crust, but rather to a wave motion communicated through strata to the surface above. It is possible that the earthquake at San Francisco did not raise the earth's crust high enough to be seen by any observer who might have been able to stand; say, a few hundred feet away, on some immune point.—Boston Advertiser.

## TUBS WERE NOT IN VOGUE.

Minute Milky Bath of Other Days Quite a Modest Social Affair.

Tubbing is almost as recent a custom as telegraphing. At least it is so in France, where, even at this time, bathtubs are objects of awe and wonder to the populace in general.

Something more than a century ago things were even worse, if one may depend on the veracity of a writer in the Cornhill Magazine. According to his unvarnished tale of a fashionable woman's habits, her maid with her chocolate roused her about 11, and she forthwith took a plunge into that society in which she worked, thought, played, ate, drank, and died at last.

It is painful to add that she very seldom took a plunge into anything but society. The King's ablutions consisted of dipping the royal fingers into rose water and drying them daintily on a napkin, and to go beyond one's monarch in a desire for cleanliness would have been a lapse of taste indeed.

Baths were certainly not unknown—milky baths, so that Madame need not suffer the gloom and depression of solitude even then—but the idea of soap in connection with them is one which the closest student of eighteenth century memoirs and manners will rarely if ever come across. He will be familiar, on the other hand, by description and in old curiosity shops with the painfully minute ewer and basin in which fashion did homage to cleanliness.

There was particular reason, then, why Madame should not make her toilet in public, and she did not.

### GIRL'S TUCKED DRESS.

To Be Worn With or Without the Gaijume.

Such a pretty little tucked dress as this one finds a place in every girl's wardrobe and is daintily charming while it is essentially simple. In the illustration, one of the dainty French gingham, pale blue



In color, is trimmed with embroidered banding, but the design suits not alone the many charming washable fabrics that greet one on every side, but also velvets and similar light weight wools, which are always desirable for all seasons of the year.

The waist consists simply of front and back, the fitting being accomplished by means of shoulder and under-arm seams.

### Wedding Superstitions.

Married in January's hoar and time, good things will come if you wait your time.

Married in February's sleety weather, life you'll tread in tune together.

Married when March winds shrill and roar, your home will lie on a foreign shore.

Married 'neath April's changeable skies, a checkered path before you lies.

Married when bees o'er May blossoms flit, strangers around your board will sit.

Married in month of roses—June—life will be one long honeymoon.

Married in July, with flowers ablaze, bitter-sweet memories in after days.

Married in August's heat and drowse, lover and friend in your chosen spouse.

Married in golden September's glow, smooth and serene your life will go.

Married when leaves in October thin, toil and hardship for you begin.

Married in veils of November mist Fortune your wedding ring has kissed.

Married in days of December cheer, Love's star shines brighter from year to year, says Home Chat.

### Care of the Stove.

Put a quantity of stove polish into a dish; add equal parts of water and turpentine and a few drops of varnish; mix this well together and apply with a small paint brush; let the polish dry and then rub briskly with a stove brush. This will give a glossy polish that will last from one spring until the next. This should not be on the top of a cook stove that is in use every day, for the odor would be rather offensive, when the polish is first put on. It is an excellent polish for stoves that are not used throughout the summer.

Eggs are sold in Denmark by the score more commonly than by the dozen.

## SNAIL DIET IN DISEASE.

Advocated As a Cure for Consumption a Hundred Years Ago.

The report that snails as a diet have become fashionable has created a great demand for them at foreign restaurants in London.

Many years ago, in the rural districts of England, snails were considered a nutritious and strengthening diet for people in delicate health, and a cure for coughs, colds, cancer and consumption. An old cookery book, a hundred years old, gives the following recipe as a certain cure for a hacking cough: "Take three snails, stew them in barley water, and drink the liquid during the night when the cough is troublesome."

Consumptive patients were often sent from large towns to lodge in country cottages (in Surrey especially) to undergo a course of treatment, consisting principally of life in the open air and fresh snail broth three times a day.

The large white snails to be found on the Sussex Downs are not "natives," but were imported from Italy by one of the earls of Arundel, whose wife—an Italian—was consumptive, and believed she could be restored to health by a diet of snails brought over from her beloved native land.

Apart from their nutritive and easily digested properties, snails properly prepared and properly cooked, are declared to be an epicurean delicacy fit for any table as has long been recognized in many parts of the Continent.

The aristocrat of its species is the large Burgundian snail, whose richness of flavor is attributable to its diet of vine leaves, and the method of its preparation for the table is applicable to all kinds of snails.

The snails are collected and placed in small inclosures and supplied with an abundant diet of vine leaves; when they have stopped "spitting," as the peasants describe it—that is, cease to exude a frothy liquid, they are ready for packing for market, to which they are dispatched in large baskets.

They are usually purchased by the pork butchers, and by them soaked for three hours in weak salt water, then rinsed in two or three baths of clear water, and removed from the shells, which are boiled and scrubbed.

The snails are then scalded in boiling water, to which a little vinegar has been added, then minced finely with a little fat pork, sweet herbs (or occasional truffles), and seasoned with salt and pepper. The clean shells are then filled with this mixture, and they are ready for sale, and only require fifteen minutes baking in the oven before being ready for the table.

Snails can also be used for soup and stews and in a hundred different ways.

### Retorts in Congressional Routs.

One of the most famous of local retorts was made at the expense of Springer, of Illinois. The "Maine Giant" had just read one of Springer's own speeches in refutation of the latter's argument just concluded. The Illinoisan launched into philosophy upon the privilege of progressive thinkers to change their opinions.

"I honor them for it," he continued. "An honest man is the noblest work of God. As for me, Mr. Chairman, in the words of an eminent American statesman, 'I would rather be right than be President.'"

"The gentleman from Illinois needn't worry," Mr. Chairman, drawled Reed, "he never will be either!"

During the bitter fight against "Red reefs" the House was thrown into convulsions by Gen. Spaulding, who, pointing to the painting of the Siege of Yorktown, hanging in the hall, gravely accused Speaker Reed of counting the Hessians in the back ground of the picture in order to make a quorum.

The general allays were a tremendously high collar, so high in fact that Representative "Tim" Campbell tapped it one day with the ferrule of his cane and inquired, "Is the amusement of the House, 'Gen. Spaulding within?'"

During the famous deadlock fight in the House over the civil rights bill Gen. Ben Butler favored a Sunday session.

"Bad as I am, I have some respect for God's day," replied Sam Randall of Pennsylvania.

"Don't the Bible say that it is a law to pull your ox or ass out of a pit on the Sabbath?" asked Butler. "You have thirty-seven asses on your side of the House and I want to get them out of this ditch to-morrow. I think I am engaged in holy work."

"Don't do it," replied Randall. "I expect some day to see you in a better world."

"You'll be there, as you are here, a member of the lower House," flashed back the general, with telling effect.—American Magazine.

### Salt on a Railroad Switch.

How many boys and girls know why it is that a railroad switch-tender puts salt on his switch in cold, snowy weather to keep it from freezing, or to thaw it if it is frozen? It is not because there is heat in the salt to melt the ice, and yet, in a certain sense, that is true, for it takes ten or twelve degrees lower temperature to freeze salt water than it takes to freeze ordinary water. Putting salt on the switch, therefore, turns the ice and snow to water, and though that water is colder than the original ice, it does not freeze because it is salt.

There is hardly a king in Christendom to-day whose wife does not overtop him by a head.

## TOBACCO SEED SELECTION.

Method Practiced by the Maryland Agricultural Station.

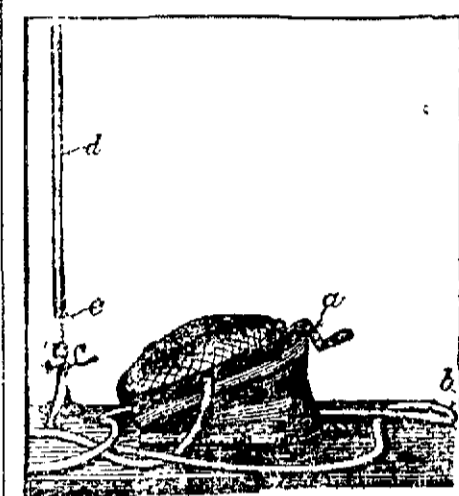
During the cultivation of the crop and the suckering and topping processes a constant search for good plants is made.

A 12-pound manila paper bag is placed over the flower heads of the selected seed plants before the first flowers open. The bags are inspected every few days for the first two weeks and raised up farther on the growing stems, arranged so as to prevent any injury from crowding in the bag during this period of growth.

At the end of the season, when the seed pods are ripe, the plants are cut off near the ground without removing the bags and hung up in a dry place. The bags serve to catch the seed which may fall out of the capsules in drying.

After the seed has thoroughly dried, it is shelled out of the capsule and the heavy seed are selected.

The most satisfactory means of separating the light from the heavy seed is by using a current of air. A simple and effective device for the purpose is shown in the illustration.



The foot bellows (a) is connected by means of a rubber tube (b) to the valve tube (c). The glass tube (d) is filled with a rubber cork (e), in which the valve tube is inserted. The top of the cork is covered with a piece of finely woven gauze, in order to prevent the seeds from entering the valve tube. About an ounce of seed for separation is placed in the glass tube, and a current of air is injected by means of the foot bellows. The strength of this current must be regulated by the valve (e), so that only the dirt, chaff, and light seed will be blown out of the top of the tube.

### Irrigating the Orchard.

When an apple orchard has been thoroughly soaked during fall and winter no irrigation will be needed until the first spraying has been accomplished, says Field and Farm. This is important because the heavy tanks of spraying material and machinery must be hauled through the orchard to do the work. Like cultivated crops an orchard is better irrigated in furrows during the summer but flooding the entire surface in winter is all right and is more easily accomplished. Flooding the surface in summer is bad practice on account of a tendency to draw the feeder roots too near the surface where they may be injured by drought during exceptional seasons. Deep spring or early summer plowing, together with thorough soaking of the subsoil, will induce a strong root system.

### Wounded Fruit Trees.

An Eastern fruit grower says wounds of any considerable size should be given a coating of paint or some other durable substance. A suitable dressing must possess two distinct properties. It must check the weathering of the wound and prevent the growth of bacteria and fungi, and it must be of such a nature as not to injure the surrounding bark. The dressing is of no value in the healing of the wound, except as it prevents decay. For general purposes, a white lead paint is most satisfactory. It is an antiseptic, it adheres closely to the wood, wax, shellac, tallow, etc., are lacking in both respects. Bordeaux mixture would be an admirable material for this purpose if it were more durable.

### When to Feed the Horse.

Many horses are injured by being fed first and watered afterwards, often the last thing before hitching up for a hard day's work. A horse should always be watered first and fed afterwards and this is a good rule to follow when coming in from work. It will not hurt a horse even if a little warm.

### The Hog to Keep.

The Ruralist says: "The pure-bred hog in the hands of a scrub owner has 'rotten into the wrong paw,' and is to be pitied. The time may come when the owner, as well as his swine, must possess a pedigree to be able to enter the show ring." The above is pretty tough, to say the least, but let the who disagrees speak up.

### The Milking Machine.

Milking machines are becoming so common that a new one is sprung on the public every week or so. Most of them have the usual air section arrangement and none of them have colonized the earth in a halo of glory or in other words, set the green grass on fire.

### Sharpening Harrow Teeth.

When my harrow teeth become dull I sharpen them like a cold chisel and then set them in the harrow frame with the edges forward. I find that they do as good work as when pointed. We too frequently work with teeth that are dull when there is little call for it.

## DEEP MUD IN LONDON.

As Seen From the American's and Englishman's Point of View.

Congressman Longworth at a dinner told a story about mud.

"An American in Liverpool, waiting for a boat home," he said, "ate his last dinner on foreign soil with an Englishman."

"The Englishman complained of the mud in America. He told a number of tall stories about the execrable roads of America and the scrape they had got him into, both walking and driving."

"At the end of a particularly tall story of this kind the American said:

"Yes, we have a lot of mud in America. I admit it. It is nothing to the mud over here, though."

"Nonsense," said the Englishman. "Fact," the American replied.

"Why, this afternoon, on a walk out Chester way, I had a remarkable adventure—came near getting in trouble with an old gentleman—all through your accursed mud."

"Some of the streets are a little greasy at this season, I admit," said the Englishman. "What was your adventure, though?"

"Well," said the American, "as I was walking along Bold Street I noticed that the mud was thick and presently I saw a high hat afloat on a large puddle of rich ooze."

"Thinking to do some one a kindness, I gave the hat a poke with my stick, when an old gentleman looked up from beneath, surprised and frowning."

"Hello," I said, "you're in pretty deep."

"Deeper than you think," he said. "I'm on the top of an omnibus."

### Why He Was Summoned.

One day a village parson was summoned in haste by Mrs. Johnson, who had been taken seriously ill. He went in some wonder because she was out of his parish, and was known to be devoted to her own minister, the Rev. Mr. Hopkins.

While he was waiting in the parlor before seeing the sick woman, he passed the time by talking with her daughter.

"I am very pleased your mother thought of me in her illness," he said. "Is Mr. Hopkins away?" The lady looked very shocked.

"Oh, dear no!" she replied, "but we are afraid mother has something contagious, and we don't like to let dear Mr. Hopkins run any risks.—Exchange.

### A Call Down.



Jiggs—Every time I go along a road at night I am startled by the apparition of a Jackass.

Jiggs—You ain't the only man who gets frightened at his own shadow.

### Speaking of the Baker.

"The baker," said the knowing youth, "is the happiest man ever. Everything he stirs up pans out well. All he kneads is his, he has dough to burn, and his stock is still rising. He certainly takes the cake! He's a stirring chap, and does things up brown. Though he is well bred, and somewhat of a high roller, he is not above mixing with his hands. Besides, he is pious, and cheerfully lends his favors for everybody. The baker is the original wise man of the yeast.—Lippincott's.

### A Warning.

"See here!" said the theatrical manager, "you want to quit your overbearing behavior toward the other members of this company—"

"Indeed?" haughtily replied the thespian: "I am the star, am I not?"

"Well, yes, but you want to remember that you're not a fixed star."

### Why He Ran.

George Washington Grant Lee Jackson, a diminutive negro, was in a local police court, charged with having thrown a stone and broken a window glass. He was running away when caught.

"But if you didn't mean to break the glass, why were you running away?" asked the Judge.

"I was a-runnin' home foh to get de money to pay foh it, suh."

### Her Request.

Lusman—I got in at 3 o'clock this morning and my wife wanted to know—

Clubber—Why, you weren't in earlier, of course.

Clubber—No. She asked me if I wouldn't stay out a little the next time so the servant girl could take me in with the milk.—Philadelphia Press.

The British soldier is now to possess three shillings instead of two.

## HIS LAST DESPERATE RESORT.

There Were Others in the Same Predicament He Was.

The judge had his patience sorely tried by lawyers who wished to talk and by men who tried to evade jury service. Between hypothetical questions and excuses it seemed as if they never would get to the actual trial of the case. So when the puzzled little German, who had been accepted by both sides, jumped up, the judge was exasperated.

"Shudge!" cried the German. "What is it?" demanded the judge.

"I tink I like to go home to my wife," said the German.

"You can't," retorted the judge. "Sit down."

"But, shudge," persisted the German, "I don't tink I make a good shuror."

"You're the best in the box," said the judge. "Sit down."

"What box?" said the German. "Jury box," said the judge.

"Oh, I thought it was a bad box that people gets in sometimes."

"No," said the judge, "the bad box is the prisoners' box."

"But, shudge," persisted the little German, "I don't speak good English."

"You don't have to speak any at all," said the judge. "Sit down."

The little German pointed at the lawyers to make his last desperate plea.

"Shudge," he said,

## THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD

Established Sept. 25, 1894.

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SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1906.

## SOCIALISM AND ANARCHY

Socialism is an ideal. It depends on the point of view whether it is an ideal worthy of an energetic man.

In a political sense, there are many varieties of Socialists in this country. Some of them seek nothing more revolutionary than government ownership of public utilities. Others demand the equal distribution of wealth and the establishment of a commune.

To a great many men, not all of them of the working class by any means, socialism is an economic cure-all. By it all the evils of our present system can be remedied and millennial conditions established. To others, it merely opens a way for greater individual opportunity, removing from the path of the plain citizen some of the obstacles which now make it hard.

Some people confuse socialism and anarchy, but in truth they are as far apart as the poles. The extreme Socialist would throw everything into the hands of the government. He believes in the most pronounced type of paternalism. The Anarchist, on the other hand, seeks the destruction of all government. He tells us that all men are brothers and that the human race is one great family. Apparently, he forgets that every family has its government and that, in the case of the children, the family government is a miniature prototype of the absolute monarchy.

The average level headed citizen will never be deceived by either socialist or anarchistic fallacies. He recognizes the impossibility of the Socialist's ideal and regards with horror the crimes committed in the name of anarchy.

It is true that the Socialist vote increased wonderfully in the four years between 1900 and 1904, but we do not believe that Socialistic control of the nation need be feared. Our people as a whole have too much American common-sense to listen to the earnest and sincere, but undoubtedly mistaken prophets of this comparatively new political creed. Practical men cannot so easily be led astray.

## BIRDS' EYE VIEWS

Never's cause to worry,  
Life is always bright,  
If yain't in too much hurry  
To stop an' see it right.

Will any more Richmonds take the New Hampshire gubernatorial field?

In vindicating the honor of Captain Dreyfus, La Belle France has vindicated her own.

The Toronto Star says Canadians eat sand for their health. In other words, they bite the dust.

A Chinese baritone has appeared in New York. Wonder if he'll sing Hood's "Song of the Shirt"?

Gubernatorial candidates up here in New Hampshire are thicker than huckleberries at the season's height.

Threatening post cards have been received by "Uncle Joe" Cannon. Someone must fear his Presidential boom.

The Dreyfus case bears a far and distant resemblance to that of him

whose statue now stands dedicated in Haven Park.

Professor Hale of the University of Chicago says our colleges develop idlers. Well, who is to blame because the supply of doctors and lawyers is so far in excess of the demand?

Why does the United States government persist in spelling it "postal" cards when the best authorities say usage favors "post" cards? The government pays much less attention to the ordinary rules of language than it does to the intricacies of art in postage stamp engraving.

It is only a few years ago that Galveston was as desolate as San Francisco. But last year there was only one city in the United States had a larger export trade than Galveston, and only thirteen a larger import trade. Galveston has now ten railroads, fifty-nine steamship lines and a new seaway.—Concord Monitor.

And the contributors to Galveston's relief fund did not number up into the millions either.

## OUR EXCHANGES

## At The Top Of The Road

By Charles Buxton Going  
"But, lord," she said, "my shoulders still are strong—  
I have been used to bear the load so long;"And see, the hill is passed, and smooth the road . . ."  
"Yel," said the Stranger, "yield me now thy load."Gently he took it from her, and she stood  
Straight limbed and lithe, in new-found maidenhoodAmid long, sunlit fields; around them sprang  
A tender breeze, and birds and rivers sang."My lord," she said, "the land is very fair!"  
Smiling, he answered: "Was it not so there?""There?" In her voice a wondering question lay:  
"Was I not always here, then, as to-day?"He turned to her with strange, deep eyes aflame:  
"Knowest thou not this kingdom, nor my name?""Nay," she replied: "but this I understand  
—That thou art Lord of Life in this dear land!""Yea, child," he murmured, scarce above his breath:  
"Lord of the Land; but men have named me Death."  
—McClure's Magazine's July number.

## Did Anyone Fear He Would Be Elected?

Hon. William R. Hearst announces positively that he is not a candidate for President. That is undoubtedly gratifying news to many people who feared that he might be.—Somersworth Free Press.

## Trust The Secretary

The Midvale Steel Company has dealt the armour trust a solar plexus blow in its bids for the protective belts for the new battleships. Now it is up to Secretary Bonaparte to recognize the service to the people by giving the company the contract for the entire lot.—Concord Patriot.

## The Japanese Were The Ones To Blame

Japanese naval officers endorse the Rojstevsky verdict, which is that the Russian admiral was not to blame for losing the Battle of the Sea of Japan.—Concord Monitor.

## And Escape Punishment

Attempted suicide has been declared a crime in Maine. Had better make a sure thing of it, hereafter.—Farmington News.

## At An Increased Salary?

The secret is out. Castro gave up his job just to show that he could take it back again whenever he wanted to.—Dover Democrat.

## Exeter Is Satisfied

Reform candidates have become so common that the advent of a new one occasionally causes but a ripple of excitement. The emotional voter is hardly in evidence in New Hampshire, besides people are pretty busy and prosperous under present state and national policies.—Exeter News-Letter.

This is the day when those who read Dumas will refresh themselves with a chapter or two from "The Taking of the Bastille."

## AT THE CHURCHES

## The Order of Services During The Coming Week

The following will be the orders of services at the several churches of Portsmouth during the coming week:

**Pearl Street Free Will Baptist Church**  
The services of the Pearl Street Free Will Baptist Church will be conducted by the pastor, Rev. V. E. Bragdon, on Sunday: preaching at 10.30 a. m., Sunday school at 12 m. A short sermon and evangelistic service will be held at 7.30 p. m.**Court Street Christian Church**  
Morning worship with preaching by the pastor at 10.30 a. m., Sunday school at 11.45 a. m., Christian Endeavor at 6.30 p. m., subject: "How Can I Be a True Friend?"—Regular preaching service at 7.30 p. m.**People's Church**  
Services will be held at the People's Church tomorrow as follows: morning worship at 11 a. m., Sunday school at 12 m., song service at 7.30 p. m. and preaching at 7.45 p. m.

On Thursday the Sunday school of this church will hold its annual picnic in Central park, Somersworth.

**Christ Church**  
Following is tomorrow's order of services and music at Christ Church: Holy Eucharist 10.30 a. m.

Processional, No. 176, Barnby Kyrie, Gloria Tibi, Credo, Woodward Hymn No. 491, Wesley Sanctus, Benedictus, Agnus Dei.

Gloria in Excelsis, Woodward Processional No. 398, Barnby Choral Evensong, 7.30 p. m.

Processional, No. 176, Barnby Psalm, 17th Selection, Gregorian Magnificat, Wood Nunc Dimittis, Wood Hiles Hymn, No. 15, Elliott Hymn, No. 615, Barnby Processional No. 398, Barnby

At the close of evensong the following organ numbers will be played: "Jerusalem, the Golden," Spark "Canzona," Wolstenholme

## Unitarian Church

The following music will be rendered at the Unitarian Church on Sunday:

Anthem, "The Lord is Exalted," West Anthem, "While Thee I Seek," Morrison

Bass solo, "The New Heaven and The New Earth," from "The Holy City," Gaul

By Charles W. Gray

## Christian Science Society

Regular Sunday service at 10.45 a. m., subject: "Truth." Sunday school for the children at 11.50 a. m. Regular Wednesday evening testimonial meeting at 7.15 o'clock. All are welcome. Service are held at 2 Market street. Reading room same address, open to the public every afternoon from 2 to 4 o'clock, except Saturday and Sunday. This room is also open Saturday evening from 7 to 9 o'clock. Here all Christian Science literature can be read.

## ON WAY TO GRANITE STATE

## Glidden Tourists On Hand Early For The Run

Auburn, N. Y., July 13.—The Glidden tourists were on hand early preparing for the second day's run in the endurance contest. The starting place was the Osborne House, which had been headquarters, and Fred Wagner, the official starter, sent the cars away as rapidly as possible. The pilot cars left shortly after 5 o'clock. Dr. C. Y. Bennett guided the pilots to Syracuse. The first car to get away was that of Charles J. Glidden, and the other cars followed as rapidly as it was possible to get them away.

At 8.50 the patrol car, which is to pick up the checkers and assist the unfortunate, pulled out and with it went the last of the tourists. Last night, the tourists were the guests of the Auburn Automobile Association. There were not any special incidents attending the start this morning. Utica is the next stopping place. Charles J. Glidden, was the first arrival at Syracuse, checking at 8.33 a. m., Benjamin Knowles of New York, and Schultz of Ohio, William E. Wright, of Springfield, Mass., and William Burke, of New York following closely in the order named and all left for Utica.

## Glidden First Into Utica

Utica, N. Y., July 13.—Charles J. Glidden, riding with Augustus Post, was the first of the Glidden tourists

to arrive here, checking at 11.20 a. m. Benjamin Knowles of New York followed in two minutes, and the other cars came along at intervals of about two minutes. No accidents were reported on the run from Auburn and the tourists will stop here for the night.

## LABOR AND THE COUNTRY'S ACTIVITY

A Topeka dispatch which we printed recently called attention to the scarcity of farm labor in Kansas and the keen competition for "help" of all sorts among the employers of the country generally, says the Manchester Mirror.

From time to time items appear in the press which excite wonder and amazement at the wonderful industrial activity of the United States. The record breaking figures of our domestic and foreign trade are frequently referred to. But nothing is more impressive in this connection than the cry for labor that is heard in several directions in spite of the unprecedented rate of our present immigration.

At least 1,000,000 aliens will have been admitted at the end of the current fiscal year by the immigration officials of New York alone. The other immigration ports—and they are multiplying—are expected to add some 200,000 to the grand total. Yet railroads, contractors, farmers and manufacturers find it hard to obtain unskilled labor.

We are told that the Southwest has work just now for 50,000 more men. The South complains of enforced idleness of mills and machinery because of the undersupply of labor. Even the agricultural districts of the state of New York cannot get the farmhands they need.

It is believed by some, including Commissioner Watchorn of the immigration bureau, that the South is not attracting the alien laborers because its wages are lower than in the North or the West. Southern employers deny this. They point out that the cost of living is lower in the South than in the North, and that laborers now get from \$1.50 to \$1.75 a day in Southern mills and from \$1.50 to \$3.50 a day in the mines. Be this as it may, the wages offered by the farmers of the Northwest and the Southwest are said to be very attractive, and if difficulty is experienced in obtaining labor the explanation must be that the labor is not to be had.

Of course, we admit thousands, if not tens of thousands, of aliens who would rather starve in the congested cities and the slums than work for good pay in the harvest fields or in the mills and factories of the South. These apart, however, it is certainly true that in the present state of our prosperity the demand for skilled and unskilled labor of the right sort exceeds the supply tremendous as it is. The enthusiasm over this prosperity which leads Speaker Cannon to use language more expressive than literary or parliamentary is shared by most of his fellow citizens.

## NOTICE

Portsmouth, Rye Beach and Wallis Sands express will make daily trips from Portsmouth to points along the seashore to collect and deliver parcels, baggage, etc., to all parts of the beach and in Portsmouth.

Orders can be left at, or telephone to the stores of Henry P. Payne, A. P. Wendell, Rufus Wood, John Holland, Portsmouth, N. H., Charles Spear, Rye Beach postoffice, and we will also call at all the hotels along the line.

## TWO LARGE TREES

In the town of Berwick on the farm of Fred Stanley stands an elm tree, that measured twenty-nine feet in circumference, five feet from the ground. Also in Somersworth, there is another large elm on the farm of Clement Ham that measures twenty-five feet in circumference, five feet from the ground. These trees were measured by William H. Deering of Saco and George H. Hall.

## AN INVESTIGATION Will Be Made By Interstate Commerce Commission

Washington, July 13.—An investigation is to be made by the interstate commerce commission by authority of the United States senate of the elevator, grain buying and forwarding business of the country to determine to what extent special favors have been granted to them by railroad companies; the influence which the alleged monopolizing of this branch of business has had upon the market; the injury it has worked to grain producers; the extent to which railroads, their officers, directors, stockholders, and employees own or control the grain buying and grain forwarding companies; and the manner in which such holdings, if any were secured.

A few days prior to the adjournment of congress, the senate adopted a resolution designating the interstate commerce commission to make a thorough inquiry along the lines indicated.

The interstate commerce commission therefore has sent a circular letter to every railroad corporation in the United States requesting its responsible officials to furnish to the commission as soon as practicable, information, which will enable it to report to congress next December.

It is said by the commission that it will require three or four months to obtain the information asked for in its circular letter, but no special difficulty is anticipated ultimately in obtaining it.

## CAMP COOKERY

No doubt the general principles of cooking are the same in the open air as in a well ordered kitchen. Yet a very good cook might find it difficult to emulate the feats of some unpretentious woodsman, if he found himself in a wet, sodden forest, with darkness coming on, and he were told to get a hearty meal for a half dozen hungry men as quickly as possible. Under such conditions fancy dishes are out of place. A man that knew his business would set about the job somewhat as follows: The flour bag would be opened, a handful of salt with a sufficiency of baking powder and enough flour for the purpose would be mixed with water into a batter. This a backwoods cook always does in the flour bag itself, rolling back the top of the bag before beginning. After a time he has a mass of well kneaded dough in a circular basin of flour. This is made into flat cakes and they are placed in a couple of frying pans, tilted at an angle before the embers, or, better still, should he have a bake oven or reflector, it is placed in this, and a great mass of hardwood coals are strewn in front of and underneath the tray that contains the dough. This bread will require very constant watching and turning, so that the cook dare not leave it for long. He finds time, however, to put on a large kettle of water to boil and to cut up his salt pork ready for parboiling.

When the bread is baked, an operation that does not take very long, a frying pan is half filled with water, and the pork boiled until all the salt is out. Two or three changes of water may be required. The kettle is now boiling and a liberal amount of strong black or green tea is thrown in. This is usually allowed to boil for a minute or two, and then taken off and stood to draw out the hot embers. The old household allowance of "one spoon for each person and one for the pot" will not do in the woods; for some occult reason, more of the leaf is required in open air cookery, though I must confess most woodsmen overdo the thing, and, moreover, they boil their tea far too long. This and the amount of fried food they are forced to eat probably account for the indigestion from which even the most rugged often suffer.—Charles A. Bramble in Recreation, July number.

Today is celebrated throughout France—a sort of French Fourth of July—as the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille in 1789.

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SUCH AS FOR SALE, WANTED, TO LET, LOST FOUND, ETC. . . . .

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LOST—The young man on the bicycle who picked up the lady's shawl on the boulevard near the Ocean Wave House, will be rewarded if he will return it to the Ocean Wave House.

WANTED—Twenty first-class carpenters and twenty brick layers, non-union. Steady employment and good pay to competent men. Write or call on The Tracy Bros. Co., Waterbury, Conn. chj9-2w

I PAY spot cash for old feather beds, old carpets, old silverware, plated ware, pewter, antique furniture, etc. Address "Feathers," this office. chj7-12t

AGENTS for "Gloria" the wonderful new drink. Gives youthful vigor. Half a day of new life in every drink. Drink Gloria. C. E. Boynton, Tel. chj12-13w

FOR SALE—Beach lot at Wallis Sands, fronting on beach. Address B. F. D., this office. chj18tf

FOR SALE—Quantity of iron grating such as is used in banks. Inquire at this office. chj15tf

FOR SALE—A dozen second hand doors. Inquire at this office. chj15tf

FOR SALE—Large bank desk, formerly used at Portsmouth Savings Bank. Inquire at this office. chj15tf

ELECTRIC motor for sale. Inquire at this office. M9cht

23

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## ISLES OF SHOALS

### To Entertain Fifty Yachts On Sunday

### BOSTON YACHT CLUB ON ITS ANNUAL CRUISE

Forms At Gloucester Today To Prepare For The Start

SIGHT OF YACHTS AT ANCHOR WILL BE AN IMPRESSIVE ONE

Unless some unforeseen accident should prevent, the fleet of the Boston Yacht Club, cruising east from Marblehead to Five Islands, Me., will arrive at the Isles of Shoals some time tomorrow afternoon, when there will be an opportunity for the people of the places nearby to view one of the finest fleets of cruising and racing yachts on the coast.

The usual observance of salutes will be made upon the yachts of the squadron coming to anchor; and while this is quite impressive, it will probably be less spectacular than the display to be made during the evening. Then there will be a general illumination throughout the fleet, and the sight of fifty yachts in full evening dress in a small harbor will be one worth going a long distance to see. In addition to such illuminations as may be fixed, there may be a display of fireworks.

The annual cruise of the Boston

### Heartburn, Flatulency, Giddiness, Nausea,

Always Yield To

**SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS**

*"Give the Liver."*

Severely Tested in American homes prove their absolute reliability, and entire safety. Purely Vegetable—absolutely Harmless. For Sale everywhere. 25 cents a box or by mail.

**Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Phila., Pa.**

## ISLES OF SHOALS

Off Portsmouth, N. H.

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**FINEST BATHING AND FISHING**

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C. J. RAMSDALL, - - MANAGER,  
Isles of Shoals, Portsmouth.

**Hampton Beach Casino**  
Week of July 16th,  
**EMPIRE SPECIALTY CO.**

— INCLUDING —  
**THE QUIGLEY BROTHERS**  
America's Best Talking Comedians.

**BUNTLI & RUDD**, from the "Old World," Burlesque Magicians. "A. L. L. & M. L. S.," European Favorites. "H. V. S. & H. A. S.," Instrumentalists. "WALTER RAY," Roller Skating King.

Every Afternoon and Evening.

Yacht Club has come to be one of the season's features in eastern waters and the fleet is eagerly looked for in ports where the commodore has requested a stop to be made. Some of the places are visited every year, but some changes must be made and this year Cape Porpoise harbor is included in the itinerary.

The squadron will rendezvous at Marblehead this forenoon and in the afternoon will sail for Gloucester. The succeeding runs will be: Sunday, Gloucester to Isles of Shoals; Monday, Isles of Shoals to Cape Porpoise; Tuesday, Cape Porpoise to Portland; Wednesday, racing at Portland; evening at Peaks Island; Thursday, Peaks Island to Five Islands; Friday, at Five Islands; games and yacht races; Saturday, fleet disbands. At Five Islands the club has a station and here the members will be guests of Commodore E. P. Boynton. At Portland the members will be guests of the Portland Yacht Club.

### REAL ESTATE CONVEYANCES

Following are the conveyances of real estate of local interest in the county of Rockingham for the week ending July 11, as recorded in the registry of deeds:

Brentwood—John F. Bartlett, Sandown, et als., to Charles D. Bartlett, rights in certain premises, \$1; executor of will of Sarah E. Provere to Carroll R. Fellows, land and buildings, \$3750; last grantee to Russell H. Fellows, part of same premises, \$3300.

Epping—School board to Roman Catholic bishop of Manchester, land and buildings, \$75.

Exeter—Walter S. Carlisle to George A. Carlisle, land and buildings on Water street, \$1; last grantee to last grantor, land and buildings off Cilley street, \$1.

Hampton—Ellen E. Mace to Frederick L. Lamprey, land, \$1; David A. Morrison, Rochester, to Jonathan P. Jones, lands and buildings in Hampton and North Hampton, \$1; Leonard F. and Frances E. Smith to Martha C., Ellen F. and Frances E. Moulton, all of Exeter, land at North Beach highlands, \$1.

Kensington—Executors of will of Gardner Towle, Exeter, to Charles A. Evans, lands in Kensington and East Kingston, \$1200, deeded in 1881.

Kingston—Lawrence U. Garland to Carroll R. Fellows, Brentwood, land, \$1; Samuel and Parnella Woodman to Jeremiah Currier, East Kingston, land, \$70, deeded in 1852.

Newfields—George L. Chase, commissioner, to Jesse S. Gray, land, \$338; last grantee to Willard F. Ellis, Boston, same land, \$1; Harriet Thompson to Annie Thompson, half certain premises, \$1.

Newmarket—Albion D. Walker heirs to Lewis A. Walker, rights in certain premises, \$1; Alice B. Walker heirs to John and Martha B. Walker, rights in certain premises, \$1; Alice B. Walker heirs to John Walker, rights in certain premises, \$1; Alice B. Walker heirs to James B. C. Walker, rights in certain premises, \$1.

Portsmouth—William M. Cahart, New York, to Arthur R. Wendell, New York, et als., rights in Bow street premises, \$1; Samuel A. Spinney to Adolph F. and Bernhardt Anderson, land on Myrtle avenue, \$1.

Seabrook—Stephen W. Rowe, Hampton Falls, to William Rowe, land, \$1.

### SHARPEN YOUR LAWN MOWER

Now is the time to have your lawn mower overhauled and put in first class condition. Every mower is ground by a practical mechanic on an especially made machine, which leaves no guess work nor standing grass. All work will receive the same careful attention it did last year.

**FRANK S. SEYMOUR.**

### WINNERS IN PRIZE CONTEST

A recent advertisement by Modern Women, a Boston publication, announces among its prize winners the following: free forty days' trip to Europe, all expenses paid, Dr. F. A. Charles, Exeter; Mrs. M. Nellie Bean, York Beach, \$500; and Orday R. Hall, New Castle avenue, Portsmouth, \$50.

### INVITATION EXTENDED

Canton Center of this city, which was last year entertained at Ipswich Bluff by the Newburyport Canton, has extended an invitation to the Massachusetts men to come here on Aug. 15. A royal time is anticipated.

### For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. WISSELOW'S SOOTHING SALVE has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

## BRIDAL MYSTERY.

(Continued from first page.)

was married to Leslie Carter, a wealthy Chicagoan and a friend of her family, that she might not be without a protector.

Contrary to expectation, Mrs. Dudley recovered and her daughter's marriage proved unhappy. A separation of husband and wife followed and later came a divorce.

Mrs. Carter was left without means and after considering her situation, sought employment on the stage. After many futile attempts, she secured an interview with David Belasco and the great manager recognized at once that he had met one who was destined to be a great actress. Mrs. Carter was given her first opportunity in a play called "The Ugly Duckling," written for her by Paul Potter, who dramatized "Ivily." This was at the Broadway Theatre, New York, on Nov. 10, 1890. Her first venture was a doubtful success, but she was brave and her manager believed in her ability. There were years of discouragement and partial success and finally, in 1898, Mrs. Carter appeared in "Zaza." Since then, her career has been one of continual triumph.

### Who Mr. Payne Is

Mr. Payne is a young actor, not particularly well known to fame. He appeared here last season in "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots." He has yet to fully establish himself in his profession. At The Rockingham, he cording to the license is fifty-five

### The Marriage Confirmed

The marriage of Mrs. Carter has been absolutely confirmed. This (Saturday) morning, she talked over the telephone with her manager, David Belasco, and admitted that she had become the wife of Mr. Payne.

The actress was married under her maiden name, which was Caroline Louise Dudley.

### The Marriage

Mrs. Carter and Mr. Payne were alone when they called at the rectory of St. John's Church. Mr. Hovey called his two daughters, Mrs. Kautz, wife of Lieut. Austin Kautz, U. S. N., and Miss Etheldreda Hovey, to witness the ceremony, which was very brief. Mrs. Carter wore a light automobile cloak and her veil completely concealed her features.

In her marriage, she seems to have followed the romantic traditions of her profession and to have done one of the cleverest bits of acting ever placed to her credit. She seems even to have hoodwinked the members of her own party.

### Payne Denied It

At the Ocean View House, Winthrop, Mr. Payne denied the marriage. "The story is all rot," he said. "I have only known Mrs. Carter three days." The existence of the license bearing his name and Mrs. Carter's maiden name was called to his attention, but he persisted in his denial. "There have been a good many absurd stories about us since we began our automobile trip," he said.

Despite Mr. Payne, there is no doubt that he is now the husband of the famous actress. The age of the bride is, in fact, considerably over thirty years and the young man himself does not look the thirty-three years he claims as his own.

The marriage return was made to City Hall by Rev. Mr. Hovey on Friday afternoon.

### AMONG THE MOTOR BOAT MEN

The handsome motor yacht of Woodbury Langdon attracts more attention on the river than any other craft of its kind. It was built by the Gas Engine and Power Company and the Charles E. Seabury Company of Morris Heights, N. J., and is equipped with a four cylinder Speedway Seabury engine. Should Mr. Langdon enter his boat in any of the races, the captains of some of the other boats of the Piscataqua River fleet might learn something about speed.

Ernest Jackson claims the championship of the Kittery fleet with the Busy Izzy.

There is a very general belief that the speed of the Why has not yet been fully tested.

The homemade Busy Izzy engine is very popular among Kittery motor boat owners.

John Holman's Twenty-Three has made a good record and is one of the fastest of the Yacht Club fleet.

There is some question in regard to the race on July 4 and the prizes have not yet been awarded. The

race was won by Stewart's Why, but there is a rumor that the first prize will be given to Robert J. Boyd, whose boat, the Edna, finished second.

The Christian Shore fleet is now of very respectable size.

Interest in motor boats seems to have greatly lessened the enthusiasm of owners of sailing craft.

A good many of the local owners of motor boats had their craft built for cruising purposes rather than speed.

Three races have already been run under Yacht Club auspices and many more are planned.

### A GOOD ENOUGH REASON.

To Prove It Was Not the Defendant Who Was at Fault.

"Your Honor," said the solicitor for the defence, "I wish to prove by this question that the witness is a man of quarrelsome disposition, hard to get along with, and on bad terms with his neighbors. Now, sir," he continued, turning again to the witness, "I'd like to know whose farm is next to yours?" "Well," answered the witness, "there's the Billings' farm, and the

"Stop there. One at a time. Are you on friendly terms with Mr. Billings?"

"I can't say I am."

"Are you even on speaking terms with him?"

"No, sir."

"Whose fault is it?"

"It's his fault, I reckon."

"Oh, yes; it's his fault, you reckon. How long has it been since you have spoken to him?"

"About fourteen years, as near as I can remember."

"Now, sir, I want you to tell this jury why you have not spoken to Mr. Billings for fourteen years."

"Gentlemen," said the witness, turning to the jury, "the reason why I haven't spoken to Mr. Billings for fourteen years is because that's about the length of time he's been dead."

**Uncle Aleck's Chops at Truth.**

When mah gran'son am sick on a Saturday in school season, hit am a safe bet dat de trouble am se'lous.

Hit am all right to pray fo' de bad man, but do yo' prayin' wid one eye open an' in his dressin'.

Dey am some folks so hopeful dey really b'liev wot de Painless Dentists' sign says.

De office what chases de man dotn' gen'ally hab no pay roll 'tached ter it.

Ah fin's dat hit ain't safe ter 'buse mah ole mule behin' huh back.

De bes' 'ligen-am-jes-'ibbin'-so yo' gwine die happy.

Mo' gals git ma'led because dey don't want be single dan because dey is stuck on de 'sponsibilities ob bein a wife.

De young feller what am too fond ob rye am gwine ter hab er big harvest ob wil' oats.—American Spectator.

### Apartment Houses.

Our guide was showing us the new apartment houses in the great city.

"Over here," he announced through his megaphone, "we have 'Bonaparte Court.' This, ladies and gentlemen, is occupied by the middle class."

"Ah, indeed!" we exclaimed. "And what is that other rather imposing structure called?"

"'Piccadilly Court.' Occupied by people a little better off in the world's goods than those in Bonaparte Court."

"And that grand building to the left?"

"'King's Court.' Occupied by only the wealthy."

"Wonderful! But how about that extraordinary model of architecture with Cupids shooting broken arrows at iron hearts?"

"Oh, that is 'Divorce Court.' Occupied by the ultra-smart set."—Puck.

### Colors and Consumption.

A French physician, Dr. Mangat, declares that the color of the clothes which a consumptive should wear is very important. The clothing should be of a kind which allows most light to penetrate it, light having a favorable effect on consumptives. Dr. Mangat recommends white stuffs, as they allow the largest number of chemical rays to pass through them, and absorb no colored rays. White linen, white velvet, cotton or cloth, but not white silk, may be used. Next to white the best colors are blue and violet.—Exchange.

### Rapping on Wood.

"Guess I'd better rap on wood!" And then she—pretty frequently he—reaches under the chair and conscientiously knocks three times on the frame of it.

Undoubtedly most persons do it simply for the airy persiflage of it, but there are plenty of others to whom it represents a pretty vital precaution against being overtaken by an ill from which they have declared themselves free so far.

The custom is said to have had a religious origin. The three knocks signified an appeal to each of the three persons of the Trinity and the substance rapped upon was of wood, because Christ was crucified upon a cross of wood.

The soda cracker is an ideal food. **Uneeda Biscuit** are the ideal soda crackers. Indeed, the

## Only

soda crackers rightly made in the first place, rightly protected first, last and all the time.

**5¢** In a dust tight, moisture proof package.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

## Quicker Time To Colorado

- Two fast trains daily Chicago to Colorado via the Rock Island, only one night enroute.
- Leaving La Salle St. Station 8.30 a. m., and 5.45 p. m. Arriving Denver and Colorado Springs next day, noon and evening, respectively.
- A third daily train from Chicago 10.30 p. m., arriving Colorado second morning.
- Time shortened on all trains very materially for 1906 season.
- Three fast daily trains from Kansas City and two from St. Louis also.
- That's the Rock Island's Colorado summer service—THE BEST THERE IS.
- Send for 80-page Colorado booklet—enclosing three two-cent stamps. Full information about summer excursion rates will accompany it.

CHAS. B. SLOAT,  
New England Pass. Agent, 288 Washington St.,  
BOSTON, MASS.

## COMMERCIAL CLUB WHISKEY.

A Pure Beverage, Especially Adapted For Sickness. All First-class Dealers Keep It

BOTTLED BY EUGENE LYNCH, BOSTON, MASS

### Thomas Loughlin Islington Street

AGENT FOR PORTSMOUTH.

### THOMAS E. CALL & SON

— DEALER IN —  
Eastern and Western

## LUMBER

Shingles, Clapboards, Pickets Etc for Cash at Lowest Market Prices.

Market Street, - - Portsmouth, N. H.

### CHEAP BUTTER

IS OLEO'S BEST FRIEND.

As long as people clamor for something cheap we shall have adulterated food.

We do not make cheap butter. We do make butter of extra good quality and deliver it while it has all its original flavor and aroma.

PURE CREAM IN ANY QUANTITY.

Philip Farms Creamery,  
ELIOT, ME.

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**\$250,000** has just been spent

Remodeling, Refurnishing, and Redecorating the

**HOTEL EMPIRE**

Broadway, Empire Square & 63d St.

**NEW YORK CITY.**

Restaurant and Service U excelled

**Splendid Location**

Most Modern Improvements

All surface cars pass on transfer to door

Subway and "L" stations 2 minutes

Hotel fronting on three streets

Electric Clocks, Telephones and Automatic Lighting Devices in every room

**Moderate Rates**

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Send for guide of New York-Free

**OLIVER W. HAM,**

(Successor to Samuel S. Fletcher)

**60 Market Street.**

**Furniture Dealer**

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**NIGHT CALLS** 82 and 64

Market street, or at residence

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Raynes avenue.

**Telephone 69-2.**

**7-20-4**

Cigar Factory monthly out-

put is now \$41,000, or more

than Ten Millions annually.

Largest sale of any one cigar

in New England.

**Quality Counts.**

**R. G. SULLIVAN,**

stamped on every cigar.

Factory, Manchester, N. H.

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**INSURANCE COMPANY**

**Of Newark, N. J.**

**Organized 1855**

**Assets \$3,320,722**

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**C. E. WALKER & CO.,**

**Commission Merchants**

**Wholesale and Retail Dealers in**

**Coal and Wood**

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## THE POSTPONEMENT.

By Jane Findlay Evans.

When Mrs. Lake had last known Capt. Carleton, it had been during a three weeks' stay at Old Point Comfort. She had not been Mrs. Lake then, but Stella Fenwick, and instead of captain, he had been a lieutenant, Montgomery Carleton, naturally known throughout the service as "Monty Carlo." And most of the waking hours of those three weeks he had passed in trying to persuade her to be his. She had not apparently been deaf to these persuasions, and it was only when he received the announcement, a month or two later of her marriage with his hated rival, Major Lake, that he had realized his failure. Since then, the Spanish and Philippine wars had intervened, and many chances and changes had come to them both. When her husband's regiment was ordered to the Philippines, she had followed him, but was disappointed in the hope of being with him. He was detained in parts of the archipelago where white women would have been inappropriate and she, had been forced to seek distraction in Manila with more or less success—rather more of late.

A launch party to Cavite was in progress. It was projected as a moonlight affair, but the moon had not yet risen, and the velvety black of the tropic night lay over the water. Mrs. Lake had learned that Capt. Carleton was expected. She had a natural curiosity to see how the last half dozen years had dealt with her sometime adorer; a curiosity augmented by certain gossip concerning him which had lately come to her ears. He had been for some time at the convalescent hospital on Corregidor Island, and she was surprised to learn that he was in Manila. More than one person, notably an officer in his own regiment, who had formerly been his intimate friend, had spoken in a manner to suggest that he was mentally unbalanced, and had thus explained the fact that he had been detained at Corregidor for observation long after his recovery from the illness which had sent him there.

At last he arrived. The host led him toward Mrs. Lake, feeling that she was alone, as she intended that he should. Carleton had evidently not been warned that he should meet her.

"Stella!" he exclaimed, stopping at a little distance from her, and grasping the back of a chair which stood between them.

"Well, Capt. Carleton, this is a pleasant surprise! But aren't you coming close enough to shake hands and let us see each other? Upon which he came much closer than she intended that he should and took both of her hands instead of one. Still holding them, he sat down on the rail at her side, and gazed intently into her face without speaking. She drew away from him, a little embarrassed.

"Let us see—have we changed much?" she said, peering at him through the starlit dusk.

"You haven't! But don't bother to return the compliment." And, indeed, she could not have done so truthfully. Even in this scant light, she could see that his handsome, strongly marked face was deeply lined, and his curling hair was almost white.

"I heard you were at Corregidor," she said at last, "but I hope you are quite well again?"

"Oh, quite well, entirely well; that is, as well as I can ever be without you. I believe they are keeping me cooped up on Corregidor because they are afraid to trust me with soldiers and arms. I suppose you know they think I'm crazy?"

"No, I didn't. Are you?" she asked, scarcely realizing what she said, but feeling that she would accept his own opinion of his sanity.

"Not in the least," he answered, laughing. "Only I happen to differ with the doctors about my own symptoms, and about one or two other matters which are outside the range of their profession—or their capacity for comprehension, for that matter. Because they are blind, they are imperfect enough to say that I am the victim of hallucinations—delusions."

"Ah, there is the moon!" interrupted Mrs. Lake, who feared that she was going to be bored. Monte Carlo, discarding of his symptoms rather than of her fascinations, was not to be encouraged. They had left the river, and were steaming out in the bay. The moon was rising great and red behind Manila. Alcide, it lighted up the eyes of the man who was looking into hers. He turned from her to look at the lights of Cavite. "Why are they so fond of seeing Cavite for these excursions?"

"On the other hand, why not?" she said.

"It is about as appropriate as a picnic in a cemetery," he answered, with some heat. "Remember the tragedy of the lost fleet—think of those grim wrecks! Does it strike you as a happy idea for a crowd with such a specter as this to go picnicking among them?"

"Your conversation was punctuated by rather trying pauses, and Mrs. Lake was beginning to regret that she had resented herself for this party to Cavite."

"Do you remember Lieut. Matanas?" he asked, after some minutes of silence.

"Don't know him," she answered with decision.

"Yes, you do—or did. Don't you remember that ball at Old Point—the ball we gave for the officers of the foreign ships, and the Spanish naval officer who made such a well, who made himself so conspicuous about you?"

"Of course I do, only I had forgotten his name. If you had said Spanish naval officer, I would have known at once who you meant. He was the most beautiful being I ever beheld. What made you think of that Spaniard to-night?"

"Cavite. He went to the bottom with Montojo."

"Ah, I didn't know that."

"Besides," he continued, "I have had much reason to think of him." Something in his voice caused her to lift her eyes from the brilliant reflection of the moon in the sea and fix them on his face. His black brows were contracted, and the great black eyes beneath them were looking past her at the fast approaching lights of Cavite with an expression which gave her a sensation as though an Arctic wind had blown into the tropic night.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"You—did not know of—one or two little things that happened the night of that ball at Old Point. 'Do you care to hear about it?'"

"Oh, yes—tell me," she answered, indifferently, dropping into a chair while he continued to lean against the rail.

"After the ball," he said, slowly, his face turned from her toward Cavite, "I followed Matanas from the hotel, and struck him in the face in the presence of two of his shipmates. We were to fight at daybreak, and that was only two or three hours off. But when Matanas reached his ship he found she had received sudden orders to sail at that very time. He sent me a note of explanation. He said that the first moment he could get a leave he would meet me. His ship sailed from Hampton Roads to the China station. I wrote to him, addressing him on his ship. I wrote that he was a coward."

"And now he is dead!" she murmured. "And he has forgotten you—and me!"

"That is what I am coming to," he said. "He has not forgotten."

"What do you mean? Tell me—"

The boat had drawn up to the dock at Cavite, and already the plank was out.

"Haven't you had enough of this crowd?" said Carleton, as he gave her his hand to help her ashore. "We don't want any more noise or any more champagne. I am going to take you out in this little skiff. We'll borrow it—to visit the grave of Matanas," he added.

He took her hand and steadied her steps into the boat, then dipped the oars gently in the water.

"Have you ever been about the wrecks of the Spanish fleet?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, often." It is grim, grisly—"

"And that was under the sun, I suppose. Under the moon it is more so."

"Probably. I don't want to try it. We were all so jubilant over Dewey's victory I didn't know about Matanas." Carleton rowed steadily and in silence. Presently she saw the twisted skeleton of such parts as were not submerged of that ship which had been the pride of Montojo's fleet. Carleton rowed close to it, and, throwing his arm about a tangle of rusted metal which thrust itself high above the water, made fast the painter to it, and laid his oars in the bottom of the boat. She took her hand from the water, and pressed it against her eyes.

"This is a tryst. Look up, Stella! Can't you see the lines of the ship? How the brass work glitters under this moon! Take your hands down, Stella, and look. He spoke in a whisper. She shook her head, and pressed her hands more tightly over her eyes.

"Take me back to the launch, Monte, quickly! I don't like this!" He went on speaking.

"They say Spanish sailors are a sloppy lot, but these don't look so. They are immaculate. And the officers—ah, there is Matanas at last! You forgot his name, but surely not his face. What made me hate him so was the way you raved about his looks." She was whispering, with her hands still over her face.

"I wrote Matanas that he was a coward, but that he couldn't evade me; I should find him. I tell you, Stella, I have learned a lot lately—about things I used to never think about, you know. I was a fool, but my eyes are opened now, and so will yours be." He leaned forward and laid a hand on her arm. "Am I not cool and steady?" he said. She repeated, "Take me back, take me back!"

"I have come here many times," he resumed, "by dark and by day. More than once I have talked with Matanas, but I have never seen him before. And the ship was just a shadowy outline. Now there is not a rope or gun missing. And he is standing on the deck waiting for me. But it is you he is looking at, Stella. Look—look!" He tore her hands from her face, but she only saw his wild eyes burning into hers.

"This is the meeting we have both been waiting for. We were to fight with swords that morning at Old Point. Of course, I have no sword with me now, but—" He paused a moment. "But I see he has two in his hands. He is holding one out to me, Stella, look up! You must see fair play, as I've no second." He stood up in the boat, and it rocked sickeningly. "They are letting down the ship's ladder for me. We will have to fight on deck. Don't be

frightened." He wrenched her hands from her face. He dropped on his knees in the bottom of the boat and threw both arms about her. He turned her face up and kissed her on the mouth. Then he rose to his feet and took off his white uniform blouse and laid it across her lap.

"Hold this for me, please, Stella—and wish luck to me and not to Matanas!" With his face turned up to where he saw the deck of the Spanish ship, he stepped over the side of the skiff.

Some of the party from the launch, alarmed for the safety of the absentees, and guided by a marine who had been on the dock when they left it and had noted their direction, found her, nearly an hour later. She still held Capt. Carleton's coat across her knees, and her eyes were fixed in a stare on the point upon which his last look had been bent. When Major Falk stepped into the skiff, she fell fainting into his arms.

**American Manufacturers.**

Charles M. Harvey is authority for the statement in Appleton's Magazine that "right before our eyes, although we may overlook the fact, the United States is being transformed from an agricultural country into a vast industrial community, and is thus radically changing its relations to the world."

He goes on to show, by citing many statistics, that our exports in agriculture are steadily decreasing year by year. In 1905 they were the smallest since 1872. On the other hand the export manufactures are increasing to such an extraordinary extent that noted European statesmen have declared that the Old World is in danger of being thrown into financial and industrial subordination to the American republic.

One reason for the decline in agricultural exports, is because our population grows at the rate of 1,500,000 a year thereby increasing the home demand for food, and there is no corresponding expansion in the supply. Thirty-three per cent. of our population lived in towns in 1900, and 35 per cent. in 1905. This is one of the results of the swing from agriculture to the general industrial activities.

**Apaches Are Sun Worshipers.**

The Apaches, like many other North American tribes, are sun worshippers. Their myths tell them that the sun is the all-powerful deity and to all supplications are addressed. On going into battle, planting corn, or on starting on a cattle stealing expedition, the sun is asked to look with favor. That they believe in a future world is proved by their custom of killing horses and burying them, as well as their clothing and implements of the chase, for life in the future world. Not only the medicine men but the people claim to hold communion with the Chindi or spirits of their ancestors. They are also great believers in omens, talismans and amulets, but are very conservative, and it is with difficulty that one gets them to discuss things supernatural. They will not talk about God among their own people with familiarity, and scarcely at all to the white man.—Scribner's.

**Valuable Find in the Sanctum.**

What need to chase the smile from the dimpling maid by criticizing the ugly mouth rather than praising the lovely eyes; to pluck away the hard-earned laurels of age by their too critical reduction to mediocrity, or to deaden the ambition of youth by doleful deductions. And, as if to idealize the blind goddess as justice tempered with mercy, so we find the need of the world and fullest need of happiness to be truth tempered with charity.—Olympia Recorder

**Snufftaking in France.**

A general idea prevails that snuff-taking has passed quite out of fashion in this twentieth century of ours, but this is evidently not the case, says the London Express. France made \$4,000 more on the snuff it sold last year than it made in the year before, and the weight of snuff sold was something over 86,518,000 kilograms, or, if you care to make the calculation, about twice that amount in pounds avoirdupois. And the amount which the snuff-taking habit put into the coffers of the French Treasury last year was rather more than \$2,000,000.

**Railways Recognized.**

An observant traveller could tell you at once the railway upon which he is travelling by merely looking at the first signal he passes. It may surprise many to know that there are hardly two styles quite alike in this country in station architecture and fittings, color of rolling stock, design and color of the locomotives, uniforms of the servants, style of the signal cabins and signal appliances and many other details.—London Illustrated Mail.

**A Huge Top.**

Chinamen in Astoria, Oregon, amuse themselves with a huge top made out of an empty white lead keg. A square opening is cut in the side, and it takes three men to spin it, one to hold the top and two to pull the string with a stick which sets it in motion. While spinning it sounds like the whistle of a steamer, and can be heard three blocks away.

**Derivation of Telegraph.**

The modern word telegraph is said to be derived from the Greek language, meaning to write from a distance; but as the pleasure loving and aesthetic Greeks never dreamed of doing anything so practical, it is a safe venture that they never used the word even remotely in the sense in which it is remotely employed.

## A Woman's Vote.

By Peers Harty.

"Is Mr.—er—Sydney Forrest at home?" he asked, shuffling some cards in his hand upon which were written complimentary notes relating to the voters whose names and addresses appeared upon them. "Doubtful," described some. "Against" others, while several bore such remarks as "He will support no candidate who does not promise to legislate against fog."

To his somewhat inarticulate question the young parliamentary candidate received an answer in the affirmative, and was shown by a pretty housemaid across the hall into a delightful drawing room with French windows opening upon a shady veranda hung with Virginia creeper.

"Who shall I say, sir?" inquired the girl.

"Lord Edmund Quinton," he answered, and was glad to note the look of pleased intelligence in her eyes.

At election times even a waiting maid's approval must not be despised, especially if she is pretty, for then she may have more than one admirer with the needful vote.

Left alone, Lord Edmund looked approvingly round the room. The morning was hot, and his canvass had not been very successful among the "doubtfuls" and "againsts." This voter was described as the latter, but the drawing room had anything but an antagonistic air about it.

He sat down in a great chintz-covered chair and wondered what the next week would bring forth. He was the sixth son of the Duke of Carolyn and a distant cousin of the noble earl who had just appealed to the country on a momentous question, and it was a cause of much interest to Lord Edmund's family whether or not he should be returned for the borough of Sandford, as his only chance of office in his cousin's government should Lord Hotham again be given a majority in the House depended on his having a seat in Parliament. Each side in the division declared that they were sure of victory, and both sides were horribly afraid of the other carrying the day.

Although there was not much fear that the Earl of Hotham would not get his majority in the country, yet in this particular instance personality counted for much in that Mr. Rayner, Lord Edmund's opponent, had been nursing the constituency for years, had a house in the district, and was locally popular, while Lord Edmund was comparatively unknown and was only sent down by his party a few weeks previously when the first rumors of a general election began to disturb the surface of official calm and the member for Sandford announced his intention of retiring from parliamentary life.

"If I get in I must take a house in the place," mused Lord Edmund, "and if the owner will sell it I will have this one," and he idly watched a little fountain on the smooth lawn sparkling in the sunshine.

He was not kept waiting long when the door opened and a pretty girl came in. She was about twenty-three, but her assured carriage gave a suggestion of more years, perhaps. She came forward smiling and shook hands.

"It is very courageous of you to go about beating lions in their dens in this fashion, but I am sure a little rest from canvassing will do you no harm. At the last election this house was the center of the opposition, and your life would not have been safe," she said laughing, "but I will promise to protect you if danger should arise. I was just going to lunch. Won't you join me? I am all alone to-day. Manly has gone to London for the day."

"Really you are too kind," Lord Edmund said smiling, "but I should not have presumed within your hospitable door if your servant had not told me the voter was at home, yet I am so famished I really think I will accept your kind invitation."

"That's all right. I told Edith to lay your place, but I would like to know who the voter is," and her white row of teeth flashed out as she laughed.

"Why, why," the name on the card had slipped his memory, "the gentleman you just now said had gone to town."

Again the girl laughed.

"She is not a man, but the most womanly woman or old maid ever created. She is really Miss Manly, my companion, but I call her Manly because it is so incongruous."

"But surely," gasped Lord Edmund, hauling out his canvassing cards in sheer desperation at the situation, "surely—yes, let me see Sydney Forrest lives here."

"Yes," she said with another scream of laughter, "I am Sydney Forrest; you don't mean to say that woman's suffrage has become law and that I really have a vote?"

The young man looked dubiously at the piece of pasteboard he held in his hand as if there was something uncanny about it.

"You have certainly got on the register in some mysterious way," he said, looking up at her whimsically, and they both laughed in unison.

"Oh, what fun!" she cried; "can I really vote? How shocked Manly will be."

"I am afraid that the vote will be disallowed if the other party object," he said doubtfully.

"Would you object?" she said with just the faintest touch of coyness in the question.

"How could my hostess ask such a thing?" he replied, politics sinking out of view for the first time for weeks.

"Well, the other side won't, of course," she said, "for you see my father was one of the strongest supporters they had, but he died three years ago and so I got a companion to live with me here, as I was so fond of the house."

"But surely my opponent's agent must have known who you were? Our agent is a now man, I think, since the last election."

"Perhaps he did know. Men always believe women inherit their politics from their fathers."

"And don't they?" the young candidate asked, with just a degree more interest in his tone than the question seemed to demand.

"Let me see," she replied, going to a table piled with papers, "now I know why I have been inundated with party literature during the last few weeks. I think your opponent's portrait is here," and she pulled out two cards with the pictures of the candidates upon them. "Yours does not do you justice," she said seriously, examining the original with mock severity, "but Mr. Rayner's is decidedly flattering. You can't see that his hair is red and his figure rotund. I don't like him," she went on thoughtfully; "he called me 'little missie' at the last election."

Lord Edmund laughed again; "I really think I must support woman's suffrage if I am returned."

"I should," she replied, "we would have the handsomest house of representatives in the world if women had votes, for you know in England we outnumber the men."

"But you would not give the wives votes surely? That would be putting too much into their hands."

"Do you think a wife so very powerful?"

"A politician's wife can make or mar his career."

"But a poor spinster is of small account whether she had a vote or not." Her eyes were a challenge as she held his opponent's picture face toward him under her pretty chin.

"Madam," he said, making a low bow, "I have already lost so much since I entered this house that it will not surprise me if I should also lose your support at the poll."

"Lost indeed," she said with a somewhat heightened color, "what have you lost? Time, I suppose."

"Fatigue," he answered gallantly, "if you must have an answer."

"I think lunch must be ready," she said hastily, putting down the picture. "I will lead the way."

The pleasant meal must come to an end, but it was with much reluctance that Lord Edmund at length rose to take his departure.

"May I call again?" he asked as he shook his hostess's hand.

"Yes, the day after the poll," she answered.

"Not until then? It's a whole week off."

"No, not till then," and again she laughed as she waved him an adieu.

But although Lord Edmund found many excuses for passing and re-passing Acacia Lodge during the next seven days he saw no more of his fair entertainer. She came to none of his meetings as he had dared to hope she might, but somehow the knowledge that beneath the red ties of her house he had sat and talked with her gave the coming contest a zest which it had before lacked. His speeches grew in eloquence; his supporters felt the power of his enthusiasm and worked with renewed vigor as the day of polling drew near.

"By the way," he said to his agent the day before the poll, "I understand Miss Sydney Forrest's name has got on the register."

"Yes; we must object to her vote if she appears. Her father was one of our opponent's chief supporters at the last election."

"And for that reason I wish no objection whatever to be taken to her recording her vote. It is easy to strike her name off at the next registration."

His agent was about to remonstrate, but Lord Edmund cut him short.

"I know it will be a close shave either way, but see that no objection is taken to Miss Forrest's vote."

For a moment their eyes met.

"Very well, my lord," the agent replied.

So it happened that when Miss Forrest's smart dogcart drew up at the polling booth with the horrified Manly sitting primly beside the fair driver Mr. Rayner's agent came gallantly forward and helped the young lady to alight. He paid her a few silly little compliments which she smilingly endured as he described to her the procedure in recording a vote.

Lord Edmund's representative smiled gallantly at so fair a voter, and the little boys wearing Mr. Rayner's colors cheered lustily as she remounted the dogcart and drove away.

At last it was over. Canvassing meetings, posters, colors, had done their work, and the last ballot box had been carried into the town



## THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC  
JULY 14SUN RISES ..... 4:19 MOON RISES 10:30 A. M.  
SUN SETS ..... 7:20 MOON SETS ..... 10:45 P. M.  
LENGTH OF DAY 15:01 FULL MOON 106 15 P. M.New Moon, July 21st, 7h. 59m., morning, N.  
First Quarter, July 24th, 2h. 56m., evening, E.  
Full Moon, August 1st, 3h. 0m., morning, W.  
Last Quarter, August 11th, 5h. 48m., evening, E.

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1906.

## THE TEMPERATURE

Eighty-six degrees above zero was the temperature at THE HERALD office at two o'clock this afternoon.

## LOCAL DASHES

Plums are in the market.  
Motor boat races come thick and fast.

Retail trade is steadily increasing in volume.

Tomorrow is the fifth Sunday after Trinity.

The round of church picnics is nearly over.

July has brought its fair share of torrid weather.

These are busy days for the soda fountain clerk.

York Beach is having the best season it has ever known.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

Portsmouth would like to see the Ringling circus next year.

The mackerel fishermen have had unusual success this season.

The New England chiefs of police will be welcomed to this city.

Political problems are beginning to receive serious consideration.

Some of the local secret societies have midsummer installations.

The Glidden tourists will not pass through Portsmouth this year.

Roses this year seem to be of more than ordinary fragrance and beauty.

The Kitters and the Marines will certainly have a battle for blood today.

Good weather from now on will mean great crowds at the Summer resorts.

A still further reduction of the tax rate next year would cause no protest.

Boat racing on the Piscataqua was never more popular than it is this Summer.

Portsmouth will be ready for the chiefs of police of New England on July 25.

Yesterday was the anniversary of the discovery of diamonds in South Africa in 1871.

The stockholders of the electric railways would not be sorry to see another circus.

Peaches are not of the very best quality. The finest sell for thirty-five cents a dozen.

Kittery Point is suffering from what seems to be a serious epidemic of whooping cough.

The officers of Strawberry Bank Encampment, I. O. O. F., were installed last evening.

Portsmouth is glad to know that the Tall Pine of the Merrimac is looking hale and hearty.

A good many students of local politics are puzzling over the make-up of the next city government.

Today's game on Portsmouth Field between Portsmouth and York Beach will be the first in many weeks.

Brewster's Illustrated Souvenir of the Isles of Shoals. Price reduced to 15 cents. Hoyt and Dow.

The Isles of Shoals and The Wentworth at New Castle seem to be favorite places for gatherings of societies.

If there should be a drought at any time during the next four months, the street sprinkler would be missed, all right.

A year ago at this time we were looking forward to the great Henderson's Point explosion and the peace conference.

## ZOLNAR LOCATES TREASURE

Prof. Zolnar, the Psychic, is still doing a large business at 22 Pleasant street and his work for his clients is truly wonderful. Within the past few days, he has located some valuable buried treasure near Dover and has also located a stolen horse for a Newburyport man. He has solved a murder question for certain interested Portsmouth people, and in several instances he has located absent friends and relatives. All of those cases are well authenticated and of local interest. Zolnar is certainly a marvel and how he accomplishes these seemingly impossible things is beyond ordinary comprehension.

## AS A HERALD MAN SEES IT

I met George W. Lord a few days ago and since his retirement from business he seems to be enjoying himself and taking things easily. He is an interesting gentleman to meet and no man of his years knows Portsmouth better. Neither is there a man who carries in his mind more facts and figures regarding past events.

We were speaking of the wholesale liquor business, in which he was engaged for more than fifty years, and he told me some interesting things concerning that business in the past. When he began, there was no tax on domestic liquors and the contrast in prices is astonishing.

Whiskey that is today selling for \$2.50 per gallon could be bought then for \$1.00. Rum that now costs us \$1.50 per gallon sold for sixty or seventy cents and it was the very best.

Mr. Lord probably made more trips up the custom house stairs to the revenue office than any other dealer in the city. From the time the revenue tax was established in 1862 until July, 1905, he made forty-four trips to the government building and deposited \$1200 with the collector for his yearly certificates.

He still treasures his first revenue certificates. In the early days, these were made out on slips no larger than a poll tax bill, while those of today are issued on forms nearly a foot square. When Mr. Lord made his first payments to the revenue collector, New Hampshire had three collectors. Now with one collector in Portsmouth, the internal revenue business is handled for the states of Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire.

Years ago, Mr. Lord did newspaper work and was widely known for his articles concerning this city. He was the first correspondent of the Manchester Union in Portsmouth. He also represented the Boston Courier under Benjamin Hillard and did special work for the New York Sunday Mercury.

Mr. Lord experienced some narrow escapes from fire during the years he was located on Congress street. There was fire on all sides of him and many times he moved his stock into the street, thinking that the old stand was doomed. Flames from the Franklin block, the old Temple, the National bank, the City Hotel, threatened his store, as well as many smaller fires on the square, where his place of business was located.

Have you ever noticed that gathering of mechanics, clerks, politicians and all around athletes that holds down the soap boxes in front of George Abbott's store? Well, that delegation has been calling on George for many years and if one of them fails to show up on an evening, George's business day is not complete and he leaves the shop for his home without hearing the "come and go" arguments that have been put up there for the last thirty years.

These arguments touch on everything from "How old is Ann" to the excellent quality of Peverly Brook water and "How much did the new High School cost", with now and then a go at the political situation, a moderate license law and the street sprinkling problem.

Now and then they warm up a bit and it is hard to decide who is entitled to the medal. The program continues until George is seen sidestepping through the canned goods sparring for the gas light and the big brass door key, then there is a big brass door key. Then there is a walk, as the proprietor orders the

argument continued until the following night.

Did you ever consider how much expense is made for the city by needless or foolish fire alarms? Well, it amounts to a good many dollars during a year. It seems that the sounding of needless alarms is more common here than in most other places and no warnings from the department officials seem to have any effect.

On an average of every other alarm the pulling in of a box is needless. A telephone message to the chemical engine house would answer all purposes. People here seem to go right off the hook, as it were. All that seems to be necessary is the cry of fire and away goes the alarm.

People do not wait to see if there is any blaze. They like to hear the alarm and that is all there is to it. In speaking of these needless alarms, it would be surprising to know how many have been sounded from Box 19 alone. It seems as if some one had been standing around that box ready to seize the lever ever since the fire alarm system was put in. Smoky lamps, a candle burning crooked, ash barrels, hot bricks, a chimney blaze, even the cry of fire, will start this box going. It has got so now that when the firemen hear the alarm, they count the strokes and say, "Another phoney alarm."

It is stated that in the transportation of freight, the Boston and Maine railroad is using daily 35,000 foreign cars, which belong to other roads and for which the company pays twenty cents a day for thirty days, after which the price jumps up to \$1.00 a day. For such service, the expense is said to amount to \$2,000,000 a year or enough to build 5,000 box cars. The company claims it is cheaper to do this than to build freight cars, which cost something like \$500 each.

On the night before the Fourth, when the boys were playing pranks and indulging themselves in fun, they resulted in many a strong kick. The next day from people who object to the methods used by the boys in celebrating, a good joke was played on a well known business man at Hampton.

On looking around his place of business in the morning, he found his signs upside down, part of them on other people's buildings, and a large Morris chair missing. After much hunting he discovered the chair on the roof of the Boston and Maine railroad water tank and he immediately began to declare himself in words a little stronger than a whisper.

He demanded that the station agent do a lofty act, insisting that he climb the tank and take down the chair. The agent, who is always very accommodating, told the man he was not in the furniture moving business and refused to go after the Morris chair unless ordered to do so by the officials. The telegraph wires were then put to use and an argument was held by wire. Finally, the owner of the chair was told that the company's people were not out celebrating the glorious event and if the man who owned the chair wanted it, he would have to climb up and get it. He did so, while a crowd stood around and enjoyed a good strong laugh at the gentleman who performed the work, who at the same time murmured to himself that he was glad the Fourth came but once a year.

It seems a little early to begin talking politics, but if I am guessing right, the politicians are beginning themselves and though there is considerable corner standing and much whispering, a little talk once in

a while that is probably good news to some and bad for others. Over in Ward One, there promises to be a battle royal at the caucus, not only among the candidates mentioned for county commissioner, but for the representatives to the General Court.

The fun will start off, it is said, when a man who has lately come in to the Republican party is mentioned for one of the berths. Whether this rumor is true or not I am at present unable to say, but rumor has it that the fighting members of the ward committee have already taken off their coats in the interest of this former Democrat and are going to put up battle for fair. Those outside the breastworks are talking another way and say they want a hand in the game and will be heard from in more than one way when the bars are let down.

Down in Old Sebastopol, the forces are being trained for the occasion and it things don't hum down there when the push gets going somebody is mistaken. Former Representative Ridge is picked by the wise ones for another trip to Concord, while the followers of Judge Adams say they think they can land him among the winners. The Democrats, it is said, will feel for a while and not move until they find out who is the candidate of the opposite party. They will then make a selection. Former Alderman McWilliams would like to cut out the horseshoeing business for three months in the winter and help to make the laws, if the Democrats can nominate and elect him.

In the ward on the river front, those who sat idly by last year say there will be something doing in the Fall. Friends of Capt. William H. White say he ought to go to Concord from this district and they are out with his name for the place of representative. Some of the ward committee say the Captain is entitled to all he can get, but he will have to get along on the finish and have plenty of ammunition to land the place. It is up to him to help him any.

The Democrats are talking Sam Sherry, Jr., for county solicitor. They are understood to be quite a play to place his name in nomination. The young attorney himself is having a little to say and has been in the game for some time, putting up a bustle. While he has good backing in this city, many of the party workers say they are afraid the nomination will go to Exeter.

## PERSONALS.

Hon. and Mrs. Edwin F. Jones of Manchester are in this city.

Col. and Mrs. W. H. Topping are sojourning at the Isles of Shoals.

Miss Gertrude Perry left today (Saturday) for a visit to her mother in Boston.

H. C. Hopkins and family are occupying a cottage at Wallis Sands for a week.

Mrs. Mary Sullivan of Boston is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Charles Johnson of Islington street.

Gustave Frohman and family of New York, sojourners at Wallis Sands, passed Friday at Gloucester, Mass.

Judge C. H. Wells of Somersworth and Col. Thomas H. Dearborn of Dover were visitors here today (Saturday).

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Costello of Boston are the guests of Mr. Costello's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Costello of Seaford street.

Mrs. Elmer Bickford and little son Franklin, of Franklin street, visited the Isles of Shoals on Friday with three guests of the family.

Thomas A. Ward, Fred J. Rider and Thomas F. Flanagan will all leave tomorrow (Sunday) for an automobile tour of the White Mountain region.

Col. and Mrs. Julian F. Trask and their daughter Marie of Laconia came to this city today (Saturday) and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hartford at Wallis Sands.

Reginald W. Jones, who is connected with "The Banker and Tradesman" of Boston, a son of the late Dr. Jones of this city, has been passing a few days here. He returned to Boston last evening.

Thomas Fitzpatrick, a former manager of the Portsmouth Tallow and Rendering Company, is passing a few days in town. Mr. Fitzpatrick is now engaged in the grocery business on Amsterdam and Tenth avenues, New York city.

## MARRIED AT CITY HALL

Frank W. White and Gertrude Ellen Hart of Bath, Me., were married at City Hall today (Saturday) by Auditor C. B. Hoyt.

## PERILOUS POSITION

Was That Of Man In Twenty-Foot Sloop

RESCUED IN THE VERY NICK OF TIME

A man under the influence of liquor came near finding a watery grave on Friday afternoon, near the Portsmouth and Kittery bridge, halfway between the toll gate and Kittery station.

As the half-past five train was passing over the bridge, going East, Engineer Tucker observed the man in a sloop in a perilous position and stopped his train. At the same time the fireman rang the bell continually to attract the attention of some boatmen on the river.

The sloop had struck the cable on the bridge and had swung against the piling. The tide was running strongly at the time and every minute the engineer thought the sloop would be capsized and go to the bottom.

All the time the man in the boat sat in the stern as if dead, unable to make a move, at the mercy of the tide.

Finally, two Eliot men, Lyman Staples and Charles Tetherly, on their way home up the river, were attracted by the locomotive bell and hurried to the scene. They arrived just in time to save his life, for in a few minutes more both man and boat would have gone to the bottom.

Just then, the pleasure launch Geraldine, owned by Arthur W. Walker, put out for the bridge and towed the sloop and its skipper to the boat landing at the North End.

The man was completely unconscious and knew nothing of what had taken place. When he did come to himself, he said he was on his way to Gloucester. His boat is twenty feet in length over all, is sloop rigged and has no name.

Officer Shannon went to the dock and brought the man to the police station to sleep off the effects of what he had drank and straighten out his compass. He gave his name as George H. Caswell and said he came from Rye.

## DEATH OF USHER B. THOMPSON

Usher B. Thompson, formerly a member of the Maine Legislature and for several years sheriff of York county, died at his home in Newfields, Me., Thursday night, aged sixty-five years. He is survived by his wife. Mr. Thompson was a draftsman at Portsmouth navy yard twenty-five years ago.

## FRANK O'BRIEN INJURED

Frank O'Brien, a driver for John Holland had two fingers of his left hand badly injured on Friday afternoon on the yellow street. He was helping to load a horse which had fallen from the shafts of a wagon, and caught his fingers in such a manner while trying the animal as to strip the nail completely from one finger.

## BOOKBINDING

Of Every Description.

Blank Books Made to Order

J. D. RANDALL

Over Fay's Store Portsmouth, N. H.

## Decorations for Weddings

Flowers Furnished For All Occasions.  
FUNERAL DESIGNS A SPECIALTY.

CAFSTICK'S, ROGERS STREET.

GEORGE A. TRAFTON  
Blacksmith and Expert Horse Shoer.

STONE TOOL WORK A SPECIALTY  
NO. 113 MARKET ST.

## Bathing Suits.



This is the time of the year when a Man's thought turns to Bathing Suits. Better make a dive for one of ours. We've a splendid line.

It's cheaper to buy than to rent.  
Two Piece Jersey Cloth in colors, \$1.00 and \$1.50.  
Wool Suits, plain and fancy, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.  
We've a good variety of Bathing Suits and are sure we can furnish exactly the style of Suit you will want to wear.

F. W. LYDSTON & CO.,  
CLOTHIERS AND HABERDASHERS.

## AT FAY'S BIG STORE

YOU CAN FIND A BIG LINE  
OF SUMMER GOODS.

Men's Summer Suits in Blue and Light Grey \$10 to \$15.  
Men's Negligee Shirts, white and colored, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50  
Men and Boys' Light Weight Sweaters, all colors and prices  
Men and Boys' Straw Hats, all styles.  
A Great Variety of Men's Underwear, Hosiery, etc.  
The Latest Styles in Neckwear, 25c and 50c.  
We have the largest Shoe Department in the City. Every thing in Footwear for Men, Women and Children.

W. H. FAY,  
3 Congress St. Portsmouth, N. H.

## A. O. Caswell, Bottler,

12 1-2 Porter St. Telephone Connection

IS WHERE YOU CAN FIND THE FOLLOWING GOODS:

Eldredge's Pilsener Lager, Half Stock Ale, Cream Ale.  
Frank Jones Golden Ale, Homestead Ale, Stock Porter, Nourishing Stout, India Pale Ale.  
Portsmouth Brewing Co.'s Portsburger Lager, Sparkling Ale, Half Stock Ale, Stock Porter, India Pale Ale.  
Schlitz Lager (Budweiser Brewery Bottling.)  
Ales, Lager and Porter by the 1/4 keg. Wines and Liquors. Soda Siphons and Tanks.

PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN FAMILY TRADE.

## LAWN MOWERS

Grass Seed, Wheelbarrows.

A. P. Wendell & Co.  
2 Market Street.

## THOMAS R. SANDFORD, THE TAILOR

At L. D. Britton's Express Office.

TELEPHONE 58-2.

Would you put your Chronometer in the hands of a Blacksmith for adjustment or would you give it to a Watchmaker? I AM A TAILOR AND KNOW MY BUSINESS. Let me do your work. You will find that it is done RIGHT and the price is SATISFACTORY. A splendid line of Woollens for Spring and Summer. I have not removed. I am at the same place.

22 Daniel St. L. D. Britton's Express Office Portsmouth

## GOODALL &amp; TOLMAN, General Machinists.

Lawn Mowers. Knives. Saws. Scissors, etc. Sharp-ended. Auto, Motor and Steamboat Work. Electric Nickel Plating. Second Hand Lawn Mowers for Sale. Telephone No. 442.